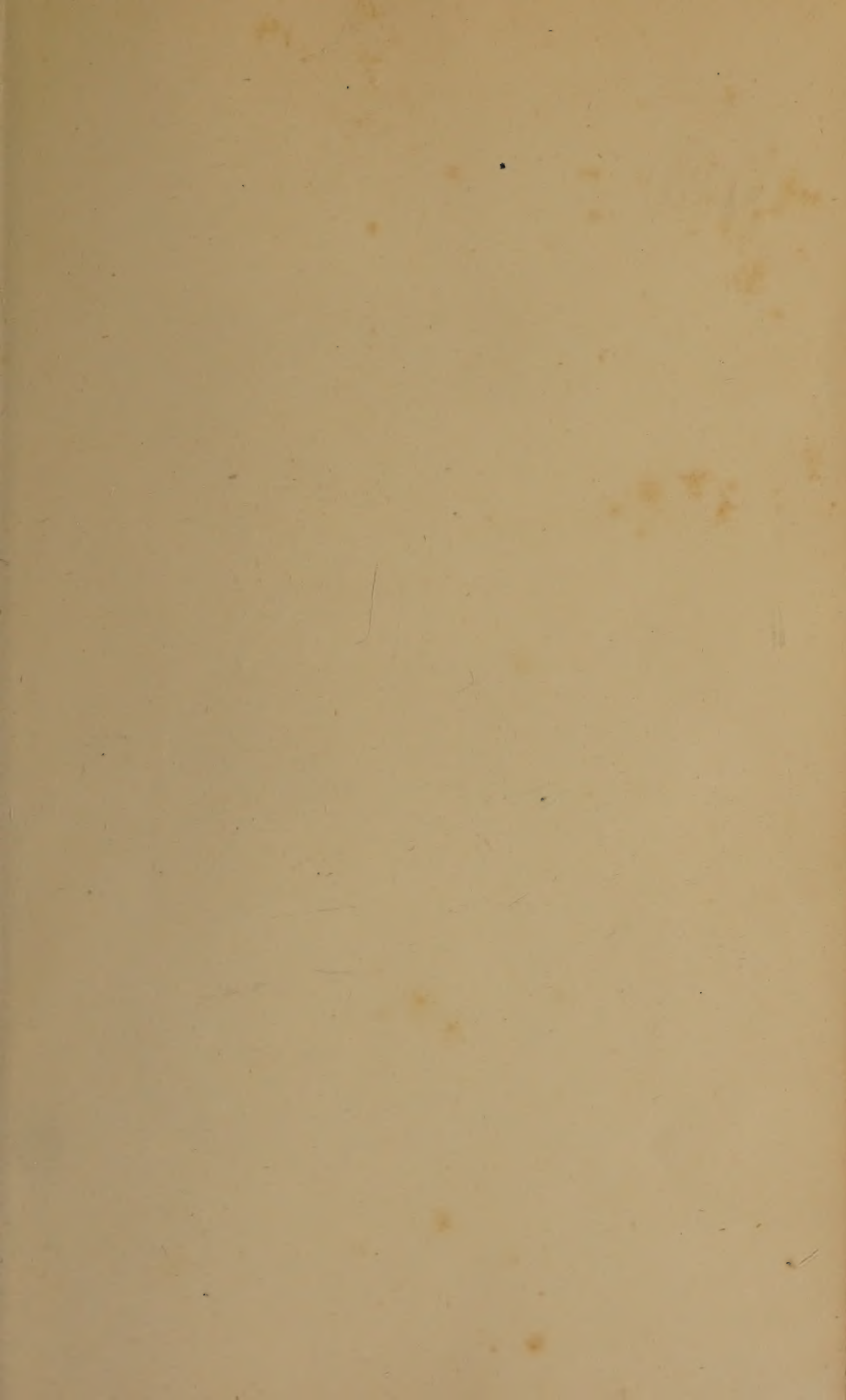
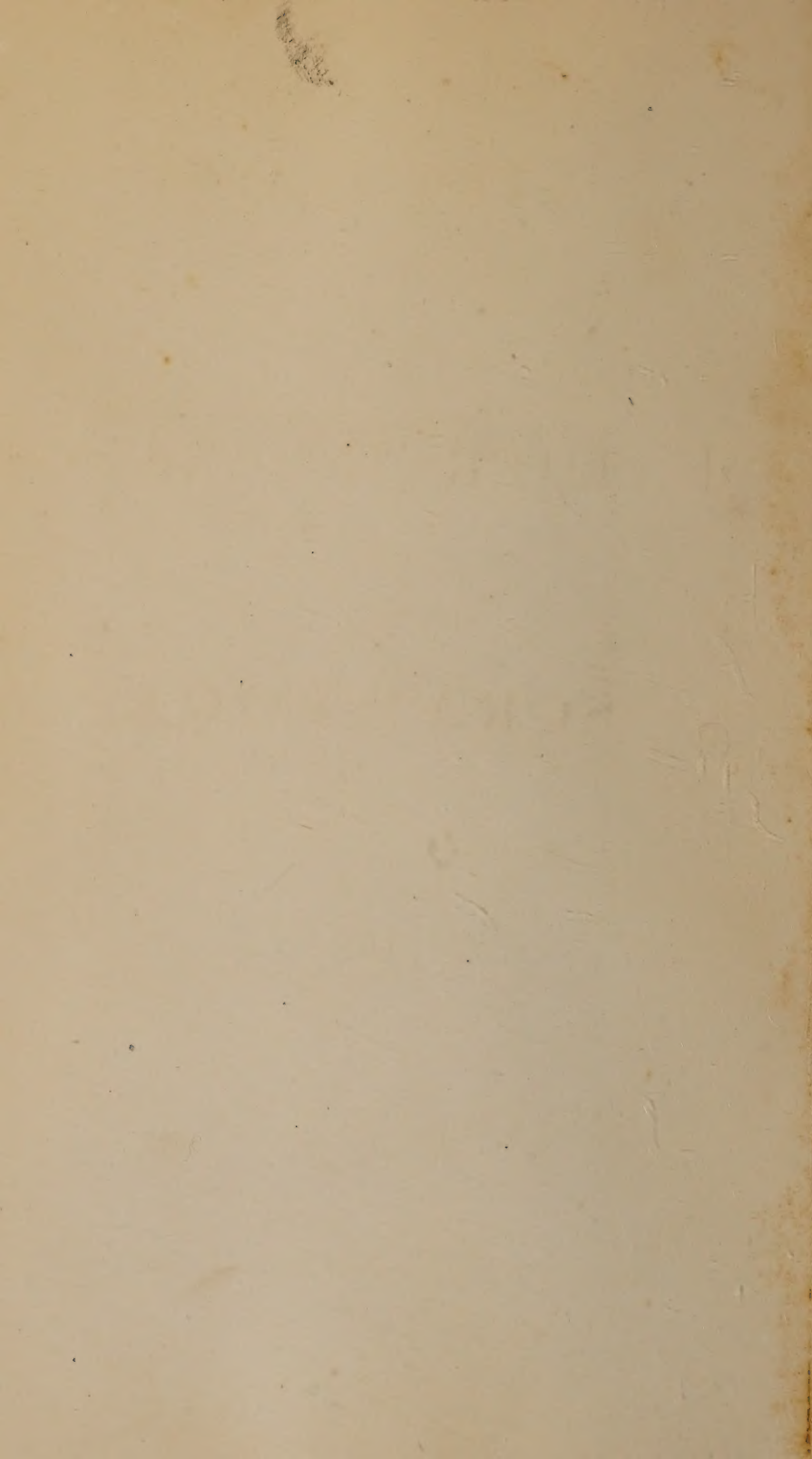


Julia A. Farley
August 1866









A FEW LEAVES

FROM

FATHER ROBINSON'S

SCRAP-BOOK.

"He most lives
Who thinks most—feels the noblest—acts the best."

NEW YORK:
PRINTED FOR FAMILY DISTRIBUTION.

1866.

THIS LITTLE VOLUME
IS
AFFECTIONATELY DEDICATED

BY
FATHER AND MOTHER ROBINSON,
TO THEIR DESCENDANTS,

AS FOLLOWS:

JAMES CURTIS ROBINSON,	ALMEDA WAIT,	MARTHA HAYES,
MINERVA PATTERSON,	OLON E. ROBINSON, and	NATHAN W. ROBINSON,

CHILDREN OF

ANNA LEWIS,
FORMER WIFE OF FATHER ROBINSON,

AND THEIR HEIRS ;

SARAH DEAN,	CHLOE PRATT,
RUTH COY, and	JOSEPH C. WALKER,

CHILDREN OF

MOTHER ROBINSON,

BY HER FORMER HUSBAND, JOSEPH WALKER, OF BYRON,

AND THEIR HEIRS ;

MARY F. DAVIS,	AND	D. ELIZA PETTENGILL,
ZILPHA R. PLUMB,		HARRIET C. RANDALL,
TRACY ROBINSON,		JANE HARWOOD,

AND CHARLES J. ROBINSON,

OUR OWN CHILDREN,

AND THEIR HEIRS.

[Our Photographs, by GEO. P. HOPKINS, of Albion, N. Y., will be found hereto attached.]

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P R E F A C E .

To one who is watching the career of a Republic such as our own, it would be of interest to know what hidden forces lie beneath the visible operations of Society and Government. It would be of vast advantage to the politician, and especially to the political Reformer, to obtain a clear estimate of the quality and tone of thought among the laboring classes, those who send their "Representatives" to the law-making Centers of the States and the Nation. The present work is a product from the hard hand of toil—a series of reflections flung out from the quick brain of an honest, sturdy, elastic, energetic, self-made Son of the Soil, one who, because he had the skill, however crude, to shape his thoughts into expression, became by so much a representative of the mental *status* and moral influence of a large class of intelligent but unlettered yeomanry throughout our country.

But quite aside from any public interest which might attach to the contents of this little volume, we, to whom it is bequeathed, feel a private and individual interest such as those cannot who claim no filial relationship with its author. We have often seen the thoughtful brow and the swiftly moving pen when others were wrapt in slumber; we have heard the strong, terse, telling sentences, from childhood up, sent home to the minds and consciences of friends and neighbors, concerning giant social and political wrongs; and, more than all, we have marked the silent heroism and cheerful courage with which our Father has met the severe trials and heavy burdens of his toilsome life day after day and year after year, con-

quering mighty difficulties and wielding a power for good on all who came within the circle of his influence.

Thus nobly has our Mother also borne the weary weight of her earthly life. How difficult has been her path, how heavy her cares, how varied and fearful her responsibilities; yet how greatly good and sweetly wise and tenderly loving has her true heart been during all these years. And now that the burden and heat of the day have passed, the beauty of holiness clothes her spirit as with a garment of light. In a private letter dated December 15th, 1865, our Father writes: "Your dear Mother was seventy-one yesterday, and how well and smart she is, and O, how good she is in waiting upon, nursing, and comforting me. I never appreciated her more than now."

Looking toward the Sunset, our Father and Mother thus calmly await that "kind and welcome servant who unlocks with noiseless hand life's flower-encircled door to show us those we love." That the Life Beyond may shower upon them its heavenly benedictions, and fill all their declining days with the blessedness of peace, is the prayer of

THEIR CHILDREN.

AUTOBIOGRAPHICAL INTRODUCTION.

I was told by my parents, Nathan Robinson and Martha Demick, that my grandfather, James Robinson, was from England, and that he furnished supplies for a portion of the Revolutionary army. I was born in Durham, Connecticut, January 5th, 1792. My present wife, daughter of Theodore M. Fenn and Mary Dibble, was also born in the same State, in the town of Salisbury, December 14th, 1794. My parents removed to Sauquoit, Oneida county, New York, in 1794.

When a boy I was quite fond of fishing, hunting, climbing trees, and of chopping them down—chopped down an acre when twelve years old—my father's farm furnishing opportunities for these sports. A small stream ran through the woodland, which extended the entire length of the farm, called Stony Brook—so full of speckled trout that one day in a few hours I caught with a hook a peck of the wrigglers. The woods, too, furnished small game to shoot and trap, such as foxes, woodchucks, squirrels, par-

tridges, pigeons, owls, and other birds, with trees enough to climb and to fell.

On casting about to choose a business for life, I concluded to become a machinist, and, in commencing, built a miniature forge on Stony Brook ; then abandoned that idea, and chose farming.

I began steady labor on the farm, summers, when about twelve years old—attended district school, winters, till eighteen, when—during December and January—attended a select school on the west side of Sauquoit creek, living on the east side. It was taught by William Bacon, son of an old resident. There I learned all the grammar I got from books, studying for a week only, a small work by Alexander—studied and practiced surveying five weeks at the same school—got something of the art, so that, after removing here, practiced considerably in running roads and dividing lots.

This terminated my school advantages. In February, at the close of our school term with Bacon, joined three schoolmates and started on foot for the St. Lawrence country—went to Grand River, some distance above Montreal, to find employment in lumbering and rafting ; failing, returned to Hamilton, a new town-site, situated twenty miles below Ogdensburg, at the head of the first rapids on the St. Lawrence. Three of us engaged in rafting plank and staves, and when the raft was ready, went on it to Quebec—myself as cook—returned home in October with \$105 in coin—my earnings besides expenses—my father giving me an outfit of \$12.

I married, two years after returning, Anna Lewis, daughter of Ebenezer Lewis, a during-the-war's-man in the Revolutionary army, in the cavalry service. William Lewis, first Sheriff of Orleans county, was her brother. Sickness prevented us, wife and two children, from leaving for the "Genesees" in the spring of 1813, as contemplated; but on regaining health, about mid-summer, started with oxen, cart, dog, gun, a few household goods, money enough to bring us on, and \$25 left to book a lot with; were on the road ten days, arriving safely at Farewell's Mills, now Clarendon Center, July 25, 1813. Pretty woody was it then, abounding with bears, wolves, and deer, and interspersed with a few log-cabins. Rochester contained a number of these, one of which was built and inhabited by Hamlet Scranton, whose wife was my mother's sister. The town of Murray, by which title the country was then designated, was a few years afterward subdivided into eight towns, and the county of Genesee into five counties, namely: Genesee, Orleans, Monroe, Livingston, and Wyoming. Our local habitation was in Clarendon, Orleans county, amidst undulating landscapes, and within hearing of "the kind voice of streams."

Bereft of my companion in February, 1823, and left with six children, I married, the following September, Damaris Fenn, widow of Joseph Walker, of Byron, with four children, making a family of ten, and the oldest but ten years of age. The seven living children by this marriage have distributed themselves over a wide area, so that the "Old Folks at

Home" have been living alone for several years, till within a few weeks, finding ourselves no longer able to do so, we invited a daughter and son-in-law to come and abide with us. So we are "Only Waiting." After laboring straight on from twelve to seventy-four, I was laid by for good, on the 18th of August, 1865, by hemorrhage of the kidneys.

Mother Robinson and myself are each the eldest of ten children. Our united family has reached just double that number—a full score. Three of our children went to the "Summer-Land" in infancy; one the first-born of Anna Lewis, two the offspring of my present union. Fifteen of the seventeen who arrived at adult years are living at this writing, son Curtis and daughter Martha, of my former marriage, having departed some years since, leaving families.

The first article in the present volume was written for the *Republican Advocate*, at the outbreak of the Morgan excitement, which was most intense and widespread; but I believe no very serious lawless violence was committed, though an attempt to destroy Miller's printing-office, of Batavia, where the first article was printed, and Morgan's Revelations of the secrets of the order were published, was made by a band of Free Masons; but the preparations for the defense of the office were so timely and formidable that the attack was abandoned. The cause of this wild excitement was a belief in the minds of many that William Morgan, the author of the Revelations, was kidnapped at Batavia, and spirited around by Canandaigua, and from thence taken and sunk by

weights in the Niagara River. This was in September, 1826. By reading a few of my articles published immediately subsequent, you may judge how much I valued Secret Societies. Nor has my mind changed.

Among the men thrown upon the surface and brought to notice by this excitement, was one Thurlow Weed, who grew to be a most skillful and matchless political leader and intriguer. Further notice of him may be found in this work.

Thenceforward I continued to write for different papers on various topics—politics, religion, agriculture, temperance, &c., embracing the latter cause heartily, as I did every work I put hand to. I became a teetotaller in earnest, and my “better half” with me, and still remain so. Having never formed a taste for strong drink, used but little tea or coffee, and no tobacco, (oh, the nasty stuff!) I had to sacrifice but little to become a total abstainer from the whole tribe of depletives.

In due time we had a farm of one hundred acres cleared up and paid for, with tolerable buildings and fixtures, and a good orchard and garden. The pressure of cares of farm and family forbade my reading or writing much in the day-time, so, from 1827, the date of the first article, to 1851, when we removed to Holley, I had written about one hundred articles by candle-light, after a hard day's work, for I never did any light or easy ones. On seeing a number of papers containing my productions lying around loose, our son Tracy, then a boy, suggested that they be placed in scrap-book form, and thus preserved, and I

followed the suggestion, filling a large-sized account-book, of which only a few articles and extracts will be found in this work. Since coming to Holley I have had more leisure, having only the garden to take care of—the products and manner of culture thereof being described in this work. Hence I have taken daylight more in which to read and write. I have three scrap-books filled, containing some two hundred and ninety printed numbers—matter enough, I should judge, for a volume of seven or eight hundred pages, of which a small portion will be found here. For instance, I find eight numbers under the caption of FARM AND FIRESIDE, three under that of THREE WEEKS IN AND AROUND NEW YORK, and six entitled THE CHURCH AND BIBLE CONSIDERED, and only one of each will be inserted. Also four series of five numbers each, on different topics, are omitted altogether. My first printed article will commence the book, and the last one, written since I did my last day's work, and published in the *State League*, will close it. Each extract, in order to be distinguished from entire productions, will invariably be closed with a period and dash, thus.—

Meantime, other little services which I was called upon to render took time and labor, such as serving the town of Clarendon in a number of petty offices, acting as Supervisor from 1827, for three years, &c. Sundays for many years we devoted to going five miles to a close-communion Baptist church to which we belonged. After a time I was suspended for being shaky on close-communion ; joined the Free-

will Baptist Church, and my letter of withdrawal therefrom will be found in this book. I now belong to no church organization, but *run my own alone!*

We had one son, five grandsons, and a grandson-in-law in the Union army during the great Rebellion. The last, Cyrus Kerts, made the grand tour with Sherman's gallant army. Most of these served during the war, and all came out alive, though one of them, Walker Ingersoll, son of our daughter, Sarah Ingersoll Dean, was badly wounded in the breast—rebel bullet still in him—in defense of the gunboat Underwriter; was taken prisoner and lodged in a succession of southern prison-hells—Salisbury, Goldsborough, Libby, and for five months in that dreadful slaughter-pen, Andersonville. We had also fifteen nephews in the Union ranks, besides numerous remoter relatives. Four of the fifteen perished in the strife. Richard Robinson, son of my brother Charles, died in hospital; Henry A. Spencer, son-in-law of my sister Harriet, died a prisoner in Salisbury; Levi Preston, adopted son of my sister Content, died of disease contracted in camp; and Newell Warren, son of Elder A. Warren and my sister Martha, died by one of the fearful casualties of war. Belonging to the Heavy Artillery, and accidentally falling from his seat while the corps was in rapid motion, he was crushed to death by the passing train. Henry Wilcox, a son of sister Harriet, who entered the service at an early day, is missing, but may still survive in some locality to us unknown. My wife's sister, Sarah Fenn Brintnall, had two sons in the army, one of

whom was shot through the jaw by a rebel bullet, tearing away the teeth. Andrew J. Williams, a nephew, by marriage, of our daughter Mary, served faithfully through the war, being twice severely wounded, and losing two brothers in the service.

I was for four months a private in the war of 1812, and obtained an honorable discharge after the sortie battle of Fort Erie, September 14th, 1814, in which I participated, and which closed the war on this frontier.

Mine has been a wonderful age for inventions and discoveries—the steam-power age. Within fifty years, Railroads, Telegraphs, Photographs, Steamships, Steam Mills, Iron-clads, Iron Plows, Power Looms, Cotton Gins, Threshing Machines, Planters, Mowers, Reapers, Revolving Rakes, and Oil Wells have sprung into existence, and the crowning work of all is the abolishment of American Slavery !

CHAUNCEY ROBINSON.

HOLLEY, N. Y., OCT. 15, 1865.

FATHER ROBINSON'S SCRAP-BOOK.

ANTI-MASONRY.

May 30, 1827.

[The following address and resolution of the Corresponding Committee of the town of Clarendon, Orleans Co., N. Y., published in the *Batavia Republican Advocate*, were prepared by the chairman, Chauncey Robinson.]

FELLOW CITIZENS: In vain have we looked to the halls of the Legislature for provisions to avert the impending storm which now hangs heavily over our heads, but our complaints are treated by a majority of that body "like the capricious squalls of a child who knows not whether it is aggrieved or no." We are told daily by those acting under Masonic influence, that our reason has departed us; that the people are led on by wild fanatics; that visionary projects occupy our brain. Again we are told it is an office-seeking business;—curious novelty, that three-fourths of the toil-worn sons of the West should all of a sudden leave their plows, and follow some chimerical fanatic to hunt for office. Again, we are told it is all a bugbear about Morgan's being kidnapped and murdered; he has only gone off and secreted himself in order that he and his associates may speculate out of his book. The same language is re-echoed from the floor of the Assembly. This flimsy story, which no rational man who has informed himself on this subject can for a moment believe, and which is worn threadbare, is now new-vamped by the legislative debate, but the story is a mere

imposition, in order, if possible, to render this dark transaction more dark.

But we will admit that all is a speculation, and on what better ground does the subject rest, or what less need is there of legislative interference, or in what better shape does the fraternity present itself to public view? Say it is a money speculation, and who is engaged in it? Masons extensively. And what is the moving cause? Masonry! If Masonry, then, is of so damnable a nature as to cause and induce its members to speculate upon the peace of community, as to shake the very foundations of civil government, and tear society to its center, then, then is it time speedily for all good men, Masons or anti-Masons, to make a universal effort, and chase the huge monster from within our borders.

Fellow citizens, are you prepared for the Masonic yoke? If not, wake, then, your sleeping energies—rise in the majesty of a sovereign people proud of their rights, and vindicate the laws of the land, regardless of the *divine* right of kings, and manifest to the world that we are not a giddy multitude, prepared to be hewers of wood and drawers of water, but are capable of self-government.

Where is Morgan? has been echoed and re-echoed by thousands and tens of thousands, and let us again press the inquiry with redoubled energies—what has become of him? Is he murdered, as is generally believed? If not, where is he? These reasonable interrogations Masons are abundantly able to answer. To arrest, then, the just indignation of an insulted community, you will without the least self-evasion or mental reservation, give the information desired. We demand at your hands a full development of this dark mystery. Unravel the dubious transaction, and if it is a foul speculation, prove it so to the world. If the man is murdered, give the public the particulars of his fate, hand over the culprits to the constituted authorities of the land, and save yourselves and your tottering fabric from eternal infamy. If there be any of the order who are not participators in the diabolical transaction, (which we charitably hope there are many,) come out from among them and be ye separate, that the rewards of the guilty may be no longer visited upon the innocent. Our neighbors are invited to co-

operate with us in these reasonable demands upon the fraternity, that we may speak with a voice that shall be heard.

Trifle no longer with our feelings and our fears; the sentiments which animate our bosoms are of no mean kind; they are such as gave a nation birth and an exalted station among the empires of the earth;—bright index to point enthralled millions to freedom and to happiness.

“No government can nor will long endure, which does not protect the rights of its subjects.” These are expressions of the immortal Washington; and by his last legacy to the people of this nation we are warned to beware of *all secret societies*. To this advice let us cheerfully acquiesce, and the rising generation are incited to look steadfastly to these parental admonitions, that when the present generation shall be urged from the stage of action by the propelling power of nature, and the space now occupied by your fathers shall be possessed by yourselves, you may repose in security beneath the lofty pillars of your happy constitution, fearless of molestation from secret internal foes. Therefore,

Resolved, That much is due to the investigating committee for their prompt and energetic endeavors to unravel the dark and mysterious fate of the unfortunate Morgan, and we enjoin it upon them to push the investigation with vigor, and if pecuniary aid is required, one of the committee whose business it is, will communicate information to the chairman of the committee of this town, that subscriptions may be opened for that purpose. It is further suggested that a general convention of the corresponding committees of the several towns be held at a time and place to be designated by the general committee.

A PROHIBITORY LIQUOR LAW.

1830.

[From the Orleans Telegraph.]

A coroner's inquest was held in the town of Clarendon, on the 27th ult., over the body of Elijah Dolly, who appeared, on examination, to have died in a fit of intoxication in the bar-room of Chester Lusk.—C. ROBINSON, Coroner.

Three days previous, the wife of a Mr. Annis was buried in an adjoining neighborhood, who came to her end in the most horrible manner, under the influence of that overflowing scourge—intemperance—which is deluging this fair land. The particulars of this awful event, as near as I have been able to learn, are these: The wife, being intoxicated, fell into the fire, from which she was unable to extricate herself. The husband undertook to drag her out, but being himself drunken, fell in likewise. With some difficulty, the man got out of the fire, and then poured water into the embers in order to check the flames which were surrounding his intoxicated wife, which only served to heap upon her the hot embers on the hearth, and the poor victim was literally roasted, and in a few days expired.

It is with extreme anguish of mind that I have witnessed for many years the appalling evil of intemperance, which, like a mighty tempest, has been sweeping through our land, spreading terror and devastation in its hitherto resistless train.

The efforts which are making, and the considerable success attendant thereupon, seem, however, to open a ray of hope that at some day the fell destroyer will be banished from our happy land. Notwithstanding the apparent success which attends the great efforts that are making, yet I am constrained to conclude that the ends attained fall far short of the mighty means made use of.

If the majority of the people of this commonwealth would view the evil in its true light, the disease might be cured at once; the monster might be slain at a blow.

Should a mad dog infest your streets, you would chain or destroy the infuriated animal. Should any person be found vending ratsbane for a beverage, you would think him guilty

of manslaughter, at least, and you would not think it arbitrary to provide laws for the suppression of the evil, if none already existed. That the use of ardent spirits, in any quantity whatever, (that is, for a drink,) is a moral and physical evil, is an undeniable fact. Strike off all the evil which its use engenders, and it produces not the least possible good. Temperate drinkers are much better without any. Under these considerations, I would ask the candid reader, why not strike, and destroy the murderer at a blow? Why not strike at the root of the evil? When noxious weeds grow in your gardens, the easiest and most effectual way to get rid of them is to dig them up by the roots. The surgeon, to cure a wound, first heals the bottom. It would be the height of folly to cry fire! fire! and suffer the incendiary to run loose and thrust his torch into all the dwellings of the city. Thus, while great and mighty efforts are making to stop the evil of intemperance, there are at least half a dozen in every town licensed by authority to spread the contagion.

I have now arrived at a point, and the reader will readily anticipate the conclusion. But, say you, it would be an arbitrary stretch of legislative power to pass a law that no person, except for medical purposes, shall be licensed to vend the kind of poison called Alcohol?

If it be not arbitrary to pass laws to suppress profane swearing, sabbath-breaking, raffling, and other minor evils, then surely laws for the suppression of the greatest evil that exists among us, or rather the root of all evil, is not.

Let the Congress or Legislature, then, make laws with sufficient penalties to prohibit all persons vending ardent spirits, instead of licensing them to do so, and the great work is at once accomplished.

ANTI-MASONRY.

Dec. 19, 1832.

[From the Orleans American.]

A fearful crisis has arrived in our political history. A few more rolling suns and all may be lost! A short period, and our most cherished institutions, and the lights which have been thereby kindled among the nations of the earth, and all that by freemen is held most dear, may be forever blotted out! And are these fears well founded? If so, is there a patriot, is there a true lover of his country, who can speak a single word, that will not stand up in defense of her expiring institutions?

Let us for a moment glance at what I conceive to be some of the most prominent causes of these alarms. It is now six years since a daring and high-handed violation of our laws was committed by members of a secret and powerful combination; so much so, that, notwithstanding the unceasing efforts of a highly incensed community, aided by the strong arm of the law, combined with the Legislative and Executive departments, all proving too weak and powerless to reach the dark retreats of that combination, they have violated the laws, and they have triumphed over them! The wicked combination is still powerful and undissolved. Nor is this all of the picture. Although our citizens have been duly and authentically informed of the alarming facts referred to, that such a combination did exist among us, which had the will to violate the laws, and the power to prostrate their healthful and legitimate operations, still, after all the light that has been thrown upon the subject; after all the disrepute the laws, the Legislature and the Executive have fallen into, by the exhibition of their weakness when put in contact with the laws and practices of Freemasonry; after it was ascertained that most of the offices of Government were held by members of the society, they are still left in quiet possession of them. They yet have the skill and the power to hold the reins of Government, and are left to administer, or rather mal-administer, the laws over which they have so often triumphed. They have conspired against the Government, yet the people suffer them still to administer it.

Again : in administering the Government, its firmest pillars are beginning to totter. Not only in this great State are the Judiciary and the laws set at defiance, but the Supreme Court, the highest judicial tribunal in the nation, is shorn of its honor, and State after State is suffered to break loose from its solemn obligations, and run lawless upon the Federal Government. American citizens are shut up with felons in prisons and penitentiaries, for no crime known to the laws. Dissolution, bloodshed and carnage, desolation and horror, fire-brands and death, stare us in the face !

Is there, then, no cause of alarm ? Shall those who profess to be friends of their country forsake her in the hour of her peril ? God forbid ! Shall the professed asserters of the "supremacy of the laws" fold their arms in indifference, while pillar after pillar is prostrated, and they themselves sink beneath their crumbling ruins ?

C. ROBINSON.

TARIFF AND NATIONAL BANK.

1836.

[From the Orleans American.]

To the HON. ALFRED BABCOCK, (*then Member of Congress.*)

DEAR SIR : The world has witnessed excitements in all ages ; but, perhaps, never more than in this country and in our time. Excitements many times produce astonishing results ; but excitement in any cause, however good, will have its reaction, and fall back on principle and men of principle for its support. It has been so with the temperance cause, and we need not be surprised if it should be so again ; it has been so in the political history of our country, and most emphatically may it not be said that the spirit and genius of our Government, and the prosperity, happiness, and even the political existence of the country, has fallen back on principle and men of principle. And now, sir, the great question is to be settled, whether or not there is weight of character, of numbers, and of moral influence sufficient to sustain our *peculiar* institutions ? or whether the very hands

that have built up shall prove the architects of their own destruction?

I fear, unless there is a great change in public sentiment, relative to some of the leading measures of the country, that the latter question will receive a most decisive affirmative.

In 1833, the country had reached a very high summit of prosperity, altogether unknown in its history hitherto. In 1816, the country was in a state of perfect prostration in all its departments, and, in every sense of the word, we were then much in the condition that we are now. Under the administration of Madison, or rather in the last half of that administration—1816—the people, the Congress, and the President, came to the conclusion that a *Tariff* and a *Bank* would enable the country to repair the *ruins* and liquidate the debts of two wars, and likewise obviate the disastrous consequences arising from the refusal or neglect of this same administration, at a former period, to re-establish a Bank of the United States. Undoubted experience has shown most triumphantly that that conclusion was quite rational.

The philosopher would say that like causes produce like effects. And now, when we find ourselves in the self-same predicament, as to the adverse circumstances of the country and Government, why, after “unsettling the fixed order of things,” and having exhausted every expedient that human ingenuity could devise, suffering intensely from year to year, and waxing worse and worse daily—why, I say, do not a people who clamor stoutly of their own capacity for self-government go back and take up old and tried measures? Is it anything but the madness of *party delirium* that hinders? Is it not by the mist of high-sounding party names that many are led away captive, and become blind to their dearest interests and the welfare and prosperity of the country?

But the idea of a *Bank*, I suppose, is out of the question. The old hero of New Orleans told the good people of America that the Bank was an awful, great monster, devouring his millions at a meal! No one could tell why it was so, but General Jackson said it was so, and that was enough; and after it had had an apparently harmless existence of forty years or more—proving of immense value to the country—the old Roman said it must go down, and down it went, and

the people all cried a long AMEN. Van and John, the footsteppers, say so, too, and what the people won't do to perpetuate their own degradation and ruin, the *veto* must; and the *Democracy*, with up-caps, cry louder still—huzza, the DESPOT against the people—the *minority against the majority!*

In 1816, the national debt was about one hundred and twenty-seven millions, including the Louisiana purchase. The payment of this large sum, with interest, must be provided for. Provisions for defraying the ordinary expenses of Government, amounting to the snug sum of \$231,889,529 17—or more than thirteen and a half millions a year, from 1817 to 1833, inclusive—must also be made, amounting, in principal and interest, to more than *four hundred million dollars*.

And sir, how was this to be done? How were these millions to be heaped together? How were they? Answer: By the avails of duties on imports, the proceeds of the public lands, aided by a Bank of the United States to transact the business. And these millions were piled up and rolled together so easy, that not a citizen of the whole Union knew how it was done; that is, no one felt the least inconvenience or burden on account of it.

Now if this is a tax on the consumer—as some pretend by the tariff—or the Bank such a gormandizer, I pray you, sir, with all Congress assembled, together with President Tyler, to tax and devour us just so again; but if the acting President, having the veto power at his command, and a will to use or abuse it—to control the action of Congress, and thwart the will and wants of the people themselves—I say, if “his Majesty” will not grant us a Bank, let us take perhaps the only thing that he will give us, and try his exchequer—or his Bank, under that title, founded on public or private deposits—and submit, for the time being, to the dictates of the one-man power, however humiliating and inconsistent it may seem to the admirers of a free representative Government, knowing that this monarchial feature belongs to our code, and be patient, as good citizens, until the odious feature may be constitutionally “expunged.”

Under this course of policy not only the Government got along swimmingly, but the States and the people mounted

rapidly beyond all precedent in the scale of prosperity and greatness; and such were the outpourings of the rivers of wealth under this system, that, on the final extinguishment of the national debt, it was found necessary to open new channels to carry off the surplus, and hence the distribution of the surplus revenue among the States.

And now, sir, how has it always been with us in the absence of this policy? How is it now? To these inquiries I need make no reply. The Government itself is on the verge of bankruptcy; every department of industry or business, and every citizen, sees and feels the withering blight that is brooding over the country, in the absence and in the want of this great and cardinal, and, till the unfortunate reign of Andrew Jackson, the *settled* policy of the Government.

I will close by quoting a sentence from Washington's farewell address—though short, yet of momentous import: "No Government can long endure, that does not protect the rights and interests of its subjects."

Sir, will this Government longer delay to pass laws for the better protection of the rights and interests of this people? or, if passed, shall we be left in constant suspense, arising from distrust in their stability? If so, then is our fate inevitable; and the last lamp of liberty must soon go out—the last hope of the world expire.

Accept, sir, assurances of my sincere regard.

A CONSTITUENT.

LAW AND LAW BOOKS.

March 19, 1846.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE MEMORIAL: I learn from your last number, (for I am a learner in these matters,) that a man to become a ripe lawyer, must swallow mentally and digest about *a thousand law books*!—most of them pretty formidable ones, too. Now, sir, I propose that all this huge mass of knight-errantry be gathered into a capacious storehouse, where there are plenty of *rats*, and that a number of citizens be selected, (not to exceed *seventy*,) of good common sense, understanding the simple principles of right and wrong

—to meet, say, at the city of Albany—to compile a *single book*, to contain a criminal and civil code; said book not to exceed in dimensions that containing our moral code, and prefaced by the last few passages of the 12th chapter of Paul's Epistle to the Romans, written out in golden capitals—thus :

1. "RECOMPENSE TO NO MAN EVIL FOR EVIL. PROVIDE THINGS HONEST IN THE SIGHT OF ALL MEN.

2. "IF IT BE POSSIBLE, AS MUCH AS LIETH IN YOU, LIVE PEACEABLY WITH ALL MEN.

3. "IF THINE ENEMY HUNGER, FEED HIM; IF HE THIRST, GIVE HIM DRINK: FOR IN SO DOING THOU SHALT HEAP COALS OF FIRE ON HIS HEAD.

4. "BE NOT OVERCOME OF EVIL, BUT OVERCOME EVIL WITH GOOD."

Yours,

LAYMAN.

TO TEMPERANCE MEN.

Sept. 15, 1847.

[From the Contributor.]

BRO. GROSVENOR: I have frequently asked myself, in the last few months, whether the trial of '46 was to be the last grand effort to suppress the sale of intoxicating drinks in the State of New York, by law? The answer has involuntarily come up in my own soul, God forbid, No! I cannot think that the terrible voice of 65,000 majority against this mischievous trade shall be heard of no more. The proceedings of the recent State Temperance Convention, and the sensible article of H. N. Howland, published in the *Contributor* of the 8th Sept. inst., has somewhat cleared up my misgivings.

Gambling, extortion and other evils have been checked by adequate laws. The tables of the money-changers were upset the first day, by the effectual usury law. So might the tables of the rumsellers be overturned, and this giant evil suppressed just as easily. It is due the vast majority of "no sale men" that such a law be forthcoming. The law of 1846 was a flat concern. It was no better than a pop-gun to kill a *tiger*.

As a kind of feeler, I would suggest, through your excellent paper, a plan of a law which, I think, if enacted, would be a match to the evil. Let its provisions be such that any quantity of intoxicating drink, small or great, that shall be sold by one person to another to be drunk, or as a drink or beverage, become a perpetual debt against the vender—if paid for by the purchaser at the time of purchase—liable to be sued for by himself, or the wife of said purchaser, or any other person, and recover double the amount with double costs. This liability to extend at least twenty-five years, if the purchase be made on credit, and not collectable at all. Likewise, let suitable penalties lie against the vender. Perhaps the standing penal enactments are sufficient. Provide suitable protection for those who engage in its sale for proper objects, medicinal, the arts, &c.; repeal all laws and parts of laws conflicting with these provisions, and let all sell who choose to under this regulation, and, in my humble opinion, the business of rum-selling would soon cease, and be numbered with the lottery and usury business, and, probably, with betting on elections, as a thing that was.

C. ROBINSON.

LICENSE SYSTEM AND LIQUOR TRAFFIC.

August, 1851.

[From the Temperance Journal.]

Could I wield the pen of a ready writer, I would attempt to describe somewhat minutely this vast system and business, and its horrid consequences upon the inhabitants of the United States. But I am not vain enough to suppose I have knowledge, ingenuity, or imagination, either to elaborate even a tithe of the murderous system, or to paint its terrible results. But, Mr. Editor, with your indulgence we will take a glance at the "*beast*."

First, then, *to begin at his head and horns*. The General Government has so systematized the business, as to protect and encourage the introduction from abroad, the streams of liquid death at all points of our extended country accessible by water, besides encouraging its manufacture and sale in

vast quantities inland. And for what purpose? What good does it do? What has it ever done? Who can tell? None! During the twenty-five or thirty years that the temperance cause has been in progress, no responsible man in this country, or in any other country, has dared to attempt to prove that intoxicating drinks are ever beneficial to men in health. True, some have tried to defend the license system, under pretense that it would restrict and limit the evils arising from its otherwise freer sale and use, and thus, in this hypocritical, second-hand form, defend the drinking customs of the day.

No person claiming common sense has ever dared to meet the naked question, and attempt a manly affirmation, nor can any one successfully. There is not a redeeming trait about it. It is evil, and nothing else. Who dare deny it? Why, then, we repeat, is it thus introduced and its introduction and its manufacture and use encouraged and protected by laws, both of Congress and the State governments? Why, *revenue* to defray the expenses of governments—aye, yes, to pamper to a vitiated taste? Here it is, reader, in these two words, *money* and *appetite*. If by the introduction of the Asiatic cholera, money could be made and revenue derived from it, would Government give license? Oh no! it would not taste right—would not be exhilarating—it kills too quick. I have sometimes thought that the liquor gamesters would have to continue to increase the drugging process of the filthy poison, so that a dram would kill a person as quick as the cholera, ere they would take warning.

If the introduction of that terrific malady, cholera, could be successfully legislated against, how quickly would it be done! But a greater than cholera is here. If cholera slays its thousands, strong drink does its millions. Why, then, be so partial to the one, compared to which the other is but a drop in the bucket? None but a superhuman being can foot up the sum of the wails and the woes caused by this accursed system; the light and retributions of eternity can only unfold them.

Second. In answer to these inquiries, Mr. Gough would have it that "ten out of twelve have part of the bacon." This, in my view, is the only rational answer why licenses are granted, and the manufacture continued. About in this

proportion are we receiving the price in some form, else why do not the Governments and the people set themselves religiously and vigorously at work to rid themselves of so great a plague? Why? the Government wants money, and some of its members like to crack a bottle of champagne, or take a suck of good old rum and sugar. Oh, yes; and perhaps the more sober ones have an interest in another direction. To agitate this question now, might disturb the harmony of *our* party, and possibly distract it; besides, the rumsellers can wield a pretty strong influence at a pending, and, perhaps, to *me*, important election. So we had better "keep dark," and thus take part of the prize; and as go the leaders, so go the masses.

Farmers can furnish the raw material to the distiller and brewer, for their share, and perhaps a few of them are still keeping up the old custom of carrying a jug of the "critter" into the field, to help them on with haying and harvesting.

But some Christians think the cause of temperance too hackneyed and worn out, and should the minister happen to broach the subject, especially on the Lord's day, why "he'd better preach *religion*." Besides, we fear that party politics, too, prevent church members, in many cases, from acting efficiently; and sometimes I am led to think that rum and rum money have an influence on some others, while multitudes fold their arms and say, "Let's see how the Washingtonians, Sons, Daughters, Cadets, Templars, and Rechabites will fix it;" while rumsellers and liquor and beer peddlers want the profits of the sale. Excise Boards, too, in city and town, want the fee for granting licenses; besides, some of their number have a friend to serve, or indeed, perhaps, a peculiar thirst to quench. Nor is this all; the whole system works admirably. The fruits of the licensed traffic are displayed in brawls, rows and riots, so members of the board—some of them, at least, who are police officers and pettifoggers—have a deep interest in the matter.

Poor-houses, poor-masters, turnkeys, clerks, lawyers, courts and jurors, officers of the State prisons, lunatic asylums and hangmen have more business to transact, and receive more fees from this source alone, than from all others combined. And the treasurers have more money to pay out, and tax-payers to pay in, to support this beautiful system, than for everything else of a public nature.

Thus it seems that almost all have part of the bacon, in selling, drinking, revenue, fees, or in some form, except the wretched wife and children of the drunkard, and the taxpayer. Perhaps, for the loss of his share, he may console himself with the reflection that he has been able to furnish some of the raw material to the manufacturer, in exchange for the liquor, and has not turned traitor by going over to the other party to vote for some candidate whom he believes is a better man.

Reader, how long will you suffer under this state of things, and not make a more vigorous, manly effort to rid yourself and country from it? Though the State and national Government are both against you, and multitudes of the people are willing to have it so, thousands decidedly against a change which renders the warfare arduous and yet difficult, the conquest, when achieved, will be the more brilliant.

C. R.

THE TRAFFIC AT HOME.

August 15, 1851.

[From the Temperance Journal.]

DEAR FATHER CHIPMAN: In my last I wandered somewhat over the United States, but I am inclined now to talk a little about home matters.

Well, in this little town of Murray, not "seven by nine," but six miles square only, we have *nineteen licenses*—so I am told by one of the Board—all doing a fair business, I suppose; and, as though this was not enough to accommodate the good people with drink this hot weather, there are some *volunteers* among them, dry goods merchants, and other kind souls. Old Murray against the world! The banner town, this! I hear it remarked, though, that we are not quite as well off as they are in Buffalo, after all; it is said that the shoemakers keep and sell the good creature there. The shoemakers here, I believe, do not trade in strong drinks: so I have heard it said since I came here, by a gentleman who would not lie about such small matters.

Still, there are some good temperance men left in Holley, but pretty stupid are they. We are trying to spur them up, and they may show signs of life after a season. C. R.

THE RUM-SELLING CONSPIRATORS.

October 20, 1851.

MR. EDITOR: Conspiracies have been formed against the interests of men in all ages, and none less so, perhaps, than in our own times. The "gun-powder plot" against the Parliament of Great Britain, Arnold's and Run's Conspiracy, &c., and recently the Michigan Conspiracy, all planned to gratify avarice or revenge. But all these, and all the treasonable plots ever instigated by man, are but dust in the balance compared to the grand Rumsellers' Conspiracy. The former are confined to small localities, involving life and property, but to a limited extent, whereas this stupendous liquor-dealers' conspiracy involves, not only property and life, but character and influence, temporal and eternal destinies of a large proportion of the human race; and any means, however reprehensible or villainous, are resorted to, to corrupt and destroy mankind for gain. No law is binding upon them more than upon pirates at sea, or freebooters on the land—perfectly unscrupulous as to means, only that they get the money.—

THE DESOLATIONS OF RUM.

Of the scourges which have heretofore desolated, and are now afflicting our common country, no one can be named which bears rivalry with the use of intoxicating liquors.

The history of the world coincides with the observations of every ingenuous and philosophic mind in fully attesting the fact, that their use, as a beverage, by persons in health, is ever pernicious, never beneficial; and that, with few exceptions, the individual habitually using them soon becomes a drunkard. The use of such liquors, as a beverage, is, therefore, intemperance; and he who speaks of their moderate or temperate use, abuses reason, despises truth, and perverts language.

Without a single redeeming trait, their sole and entire aim is to ruin and destroy the human species. They begin their work by changing man into a brute, continue it by

transforming him into a monster, and abandon him only when he has ceased to breathe. However viewed, and wherever found, intemperance, in its beginning, its progress, and its end, is everywhere marked by desolation and woe. Alcohol, both in name and in truth, is the poison of our species. Chemical analysis and physiological experiment have established beyond controversy, that alcohol received into the stomach remains unchanged, unassimilated; and, as such, travels with the blood through the various arteries, veins and organs of the system, not as blood, nor its fit companion, but as a murderous associate, a treacherous highwayman, charged with poison, and commissioned to destroy.

In its journey round, it feeds upon the liver, corrodes the lungs, burns the stomach, ruins the appetite, impairs digestion, discolours and vitiates the blood, defiles the breath, crimsones the nose, parches the lips, blisters the tongue, scalds the throat, husks the voice, bloats the face, dims the eye, wastes the muscles, palsies the limbs, deranges the nerves, and consumes the heart; and, as though its warrant was not yet fully executed, a detached portion of it aims at the head, breaks through its delicate vessels, crowds out reason, and fears not to profane divinity's earthly temple. What wonder, then, that the spirit drinker is a maniac.

But even now its baneful work is hardly begun. Having thus undermined the health and prepared the system for the ravages of disease, it strikes at the moral and intellectual powers of man. It enfeebles the understanding, impairs the judgment, effaces the memory, extinguishes sensibility, pollutes the imagination, depraves taste, stupefies conscience, annihilates honor, prostrates self-respect, debases the social affections, sours the disposition, inflames the wicked passions, dethrones reason, and contaminates the heart; and thus quenches rational life and blots out the moral image of Deity's handiwork. Why, therefore, must the intemperate man become a human fiend? Who is safe where he is?

And yet the traffic is tolerated. The use of intoxicating drinks is continued. Its march of ruin is onward. Still, it reaches abroad to others, invades the family circle, and spreads woe and sorrow all around it. It cuts down youth in its vigor, manhood in its strength, and age in its weakness. It breaks a father's heart, bereaves a doting mother,

extinguishes the natural affections, crazes conjugal love, blots out filial attachment, blights parental hope, and brings down mourning age in sorrow to the grave. It produces weakness, not strength; sickness, not health; death, not life. It makes wives widows; children, orphans; fathers, fiends, and it constitutes all of them paupers and beggars.

It hails fevers, feeds rheumatism, nurses gout, welcomes epidemic, invites the cholera, imports pestilence, and embraces consumption. It fills the land with idleness, poverty, disease and crime. It supplies your jails, your alms-houses and your asylums. It engenders controversy, fosters quarrels, and cherishes riots. It contemns law, spurns order, and promotes tumults and mobs. It crowds your penitentiaries, and furnishes the victims for the gallows. It is the life-blood of the gambler, the aliment of the counterfeiter, the prop of the highwayman, and the support of the midnight incendiary.

It countenances the liar, respects the thief, and esteems the blasphemer. It violates obligations, reverences fraud, and honors infamy. It defames benevolence, hates love, accuses virtue, and slanders innocence. It incites the father to butcher his offspring, helps the husband to massacre his wife, and aids the child to grind his parricidal axe. It burns up man, consumes woman, detests life, curses God, and despises heaven.

It suborns witnesses, nurses perjury, defiles the jury-box, and stains the judicial ermine. It bribes votes, disqualifies voters, corrupts elections, pollutes our institutions, and endangers our Government. It degrades the citizen, debases the legislator, dishonors the statesman, and disarms the patriot. It brings shame, not honor; terror, not safety; despair, not hope; misery, not happiness; and now, as with the malevolence of a fiend, it calmly surveys its frightful desolation. Still insatiate, it poisons felicity, kills peace, ruins morals, blights confidence, contaminates reputation, and wipes out manly honor; then it curses the world, and laughs at the ruin it has wrought.

Humanity now asks, and patriotism and philanthropy earnestly inquire, shall it, must it continue longer in our free but abused country? If so, why? What good has it done? What good can it effect? Whom can it benefit? And how?

Against this hydra of intemperance the best efforts of the virtuous, the benevolent and the patriotic have for years been arrayed. Let all who know its pernicious effects steadily direct their influence and their efforts to remove it from the land.

C. R.

PROFITS OF A SMALL FARM.

February 19, 1856.

[From the Albany Courier and Journal.]

MR. EDITOR—*Sir*: Perhaps if the following statement was placed on your agricultural page, it might interest some of your readers. I am induced to make it by reading of an extraordinary product from a few rods of ground, contained in your paper of Feb. 2d, by Robert Arthurs, Pitt township, Pa., thrown out as a kind of challenge by the *Western Agriculturist*, Pittsburgh.

My statement is made, not so much to beat that of Mr. Arthurs, which, perhaps, I could not do, but more to give my testimony to what may be raised on a given area of earth's surface, and to show how very little is now produced, to what might be, for the sustenance of its inhabitants.

I have in my "house lot," or garden, ninety rods under cultivation. I quit farming and field labor to come on to it at the age of sixty, four years since, and have been able, in that time, to pretty thoroughly kill out the weeds which were growing luxuriantly, for the ground is naturally good—none better in this region—and its increase in the product of vegetables has been gaining yearly till this year, or last summer, and probably has now attained its maximum.

I shall make no reckoning of fruit, because peaches and plums were a perfect failure here last season, though there are on the place fifteen bearing peach trees, which have before produced abundantly, nine plum trees, which have done the same. Besides, there are grape-vines, apple, pear, cherry and quince trees, and not less than four bushels of currants grown this year, which, at the price set by Mr. A., would amount to \$7 68; of pears and quinces, some, probably enough, with a few quarts of goose and raspberries, to make \$10 in fruit.

Here is the product in vegetables:

150 bushels onions,	62½ cts.	\$93 75
25 do early potatoes	\$1 00	25 00
12 bbls. cucumber pickles	3 25	39 00
30 bushels English turnips	25	7 50
10 do French	37	3 70
200 hds. cabbage	4	8 00
20 bushels carrots	25	5 00
Produce of hot beds		5 00
3 bushels tomatoes	1 00	3 00
1 do beans		2 00
2 do sweet corn	1 00	2 00
2 do peas	1 00	2 00
2 do squash	1 00	2 00
200 hds. lettuce	1	2 00
5 bushels beets,	50	2 50
1 bed parsneps, 15x4 feet extended, set..		1 50
1 do vegetable oysters		1 00
2 lbs. dried sage	50	1 00
1 do beet, carrot, parsnep and lettuce seed of each		2 00

Amounting to

Which, if you add \$10 for fruit, would make a total of

Or \$2 42 per square rod, or \$387 20 per acre.

C. ROBINSON.

FEDERALISM vs. DEMOCRACY.

June 16, 1856.

[From the Orleans American.]

S. A. ANDREWS—*Dear Sir*: In your issue of June 12th, you remark concerning the meeting at the Court-house on the 7th inst., that the "old federalists, now sham democrats, were not at all represented;" and why should they be? These plantation exhibitions are strictly democratic, and these sham democrats approve them; hence they would be out of place at such a meeting.

I hope, sir, no editor, or other person, will ever again slander the old federalists, and the federal party, by a comparison with the present democracy and the democratic party. They never ought to be mentioned the same day. Federalism proposed honestly to abridge the liberty of speech and of the Press, and limit the right of suffrage under forms of

law, so that a man could know to what extent he could exercise those rights.

How is it with democracy since it linked its fortunes with slaveocracy? Does it aim not only to abridge, but to subvert and overthrow these pillars of American liberty legally and peaceably? Far from it. These two elements are distilled down to Mobocracy. Every ruffian is left to deal out just such measure as his brutal passions seem to demand. No person is safe in person, property, or life, from brute force, which may fall upon him at any time or place, for speaking, writing, printing or voting against the new fangled democracy. He is exposed to be bound, scourged, tortured, tarred and feathered, his building burned, whole towns sacked, plundered, demolished, because the inhabitants love Liberty more than Slavery—invited to Kansas by a law of a democratic Congress, then hung, shot and burned for going thither. The Free Press is hated with intensified hatred, broken up and thrown into some river beyond recovery, and the proprietors hunted like wild beasts.

An honorable Senator is knocked down senseless and bleeding in his seat in the Senate Chamber for exposing some of the enormities of this pretender, when the American Senate itself stands bound, helpless, and speechless, before the bloody death's head of modern democracy.

This compound democracy, under the lead of some of its chiefs, Pierce, Douglas & Co., has pushed us to the verge of civil war; likewise foreign war, in its graspings after new territory, on which to extend and perpetuate the democratic institution of human bondage. Its face and hands are all stained, and its garments drip with the fresh, warm blood of American freemen, guilty of no offense but refusing to fall down and worship the image they had set up in the name of democracy.

Nor are Slaveocracy and Mobocracy all the ocracies used to make up the full proportions of counterfeit democracy.—Add Popeocracy and rumocracy, and you have it. The latter is eminently calculated to give it prodigious vitality. It is pledged to the spread of intemperance, pauperism and crime, as well as to the extension of human slavery. Political popery could not be felt or feared in this country were not the Catholics marshaled to swell the ranks of the

bogus democrat party, as they are at every election, local or general. So with slavery. The slave power would be quite insignificant, as it ought to be in our system of government, but for the aid and comfort bestowed upon it by pro-slavery dough-faced democrats. C. R.

FREEDOM vs. SLAVERY.

August 4, 1856.

Freedom is a living, breathing principle; it will never die. Flood cannot drown it nor flame burn it. Like the lilies of the field it toils not, neither does it spin. It springs spontaneous and eternal in the human soul, and bids the slave himself to struggle up, and no less so for the infusion of white blood. It

“ Lives through all life
Extends through all extent,
Spreads undivided,
Operates unspent.”

Not so with slavery; it is a perishable article. It has died out in all the more northern States of this confederacy. It will begin to rot down in the southern portion so soon as it is girdled. It has died out in all the British possessions and in most of the monarchies and despotisms of the old world. Besides, it is too costly a concern to compete successfully with a principle that lives without effort and is immortal.

It has to erect, and keep in repair, and in operation too, many gun factories, knife factories, ship factories, and dog factories. The whole society where it exists is too barbarous, brutal and bloody for this age. And now that the battle is fairly set between the extension and power of freedom and free laborers and labor, and slavery and slave labor “ on this continent,” I am heartily glad. It leaves a broad and free field for a free fight. C. R.

THE NON-COMMITTAL PARTY.

July 20, 1856.

[From the Orleans American.]

We will now give the "sham democrats" a short respite, and turn our attention for a few moments to the straddle-of-the-fence, non-committal party.

The slave democrats have avowed boldly, by word and deed, their determination to extend and perpetuate American slavery, to still enable the slave power to hold the preponderance in the national government. The Republican party, on the contrary, are equally determined that freedom shall be the rule, slavery the exception—that slavery shall not be further extended on this continent, and that the government shall be administered in favor of liberty. And what is this middle party about? They denounce, to be sure, in their platform, the repeal of the Missouri Compromise, which re-opened the slavery agitation, but what are they going to do about it? Why, drive freedom out and establish slavery in Kansas. The vote in the House is proof positive on this point, on the question to admit her as a Free State—all, with one exception, of that party, voting with the Buchanan democrats against her.

This party is a fungus—a worse sham than the democratic has come to be, and what amazes me most is, that one single, honest, intelligent citizen should stay in it, or be longer hoodwinked by it. They seem to have waked up just now from a two or three hundred years' snooze, during which time the country has been wholly peopled with foreigners. How did these astonished, self-conceited Natives come by this inheritance, that they should now attempt, at this late day, to elbow out all other people, or, if they come, make them man-servants and maid-servants for twenty-one years, do your drudgery in-doors and out, pay taxes, contribute to the prosperity of the country, but not participate in its privileges? White slaves North, black slaves South, that's the difference.

PROPHETIC.

Sept., 1856.

[From the Orleans American.]

—We say again to all Union-savers or subverters, slaveholders, their aiders, abettors, apologists for slavery and its extension, that you are to be all turned out of office, in the United States Government—in the State Governments, in all the Free States immediately, and in the Slave States not very remotely, for these three reasons: 1. That we have a constitutional and lawful right to do it. 2. That you have held them long enough; and the third and great reason is, that *you have proved FALSE to constitutional liberty!* And leave it to you to cut the rope—split up the Union—you will probably make slow work of it, after losing the Executive, Legislative, Judicial and *Military* power. It will be an up-hill business—mark that! I have known hogs, sometimes, try to tear down the pen after being turned out of it, because there was no living with them in it.

SPECTATOR.

THE MONGREL TICKET.

Oct. 27, 1856.

[From the Orleans American.]

Well, Gov. Hunt is nestling again for Uncle Sam's nipple. A more appropriate nomination than this could not be made. He combines all the elements the fusionists could wish. Intensely silver-gray, the pro-slavery Democrats and pro-slavery Whigs, twin relics, can well fuse on Mr. Hunt. Besides being a prodigious Union-saver, with Mr. Fillmore, he would sacrifice independence, the Constitution and liberty itself for the Union—let the slaveocracy have their own way for it. I know whereof I speak in saying this.

Mr. Hunt and my humble self corresponded freely when he was in Congress, dwelling especially on the slavery question, and I know him through and through; and multitudes of others know him too. He is a fine lump for southern plotters to mold. Union and policy is his theme.

In one of my letters I inquired of him, (as being a Whig and one of his supporters,) that, if no impertinence, why northern members—more of them—did not muster independence enough to meet them, open the door and let the devils out, try them and end at once and forever this everlasting din about dissolution; for the slaveholders would as soon plunge into Shadrach's fiery furnace as go out of the Union. But Washington put on a long face and wrote in reply, in substance—our southern brethren are quite sensitive and impatient; we must treat them gently; should we make such a proposal they might part company, nevertheless, with us, and we should thus lose their gracious presence, and split up the Union.

THE ELECTION OF BUCHANAN.

December 1, 1856.

[From the Orleans American.]

MR. EDITOR: It is amusing to see the croaking of the Southern press since the election of Buchanan; how the slaveholders determined the result of the election by their sturdy threats of disunion, and thus give them a four years' lease more of the government, so in that time they can prepare to leave the Union in spite of our fears and lamentations.

I wish the Northern Free Press would meet these gasconaders promptly, and let them know the real state of public sentiment here, if they can be taught anything. They might know now, from the result of the election, that their threats of disunion frightened but few people comparatively. There are some doughfaces left here in the Free States yet, like Fillmore, Hunt & Co., but their numbers are growing beautifully less. We have a remedy for those thus afflicted, called ballot-box ointment, which proves a sovereign recipe. It is cheap, and we shall keep applying it till the fire-eaters of the Slave States back down, slavery be extinguished, the constitutional liberties of the people, "justice, protection of life, liberty and property, freedom of speech, of debate, of the press, and the right to keep and bear arms," till the "citizens of each State shall

be entitled to all privileges and immunities of citizens in the several States" be established, both North and South.

It is not the senseless threat of disunion to which the shamocracy owes its present triumph—its barren scepter, as it will prove to be. No! It was ignorance and whisky that gave you the triumph. Foreign bog-trotters, led up to the polls in droves by the rum argument more than by any other, either the commands of pope or priest, and the democracy thus carried the day; connected to which was a similar element—a class of voters along the borders of slavery, of its own offspring, debauched by it, ignorant, stupid and reckless with the other—these holding the balance of votes in the south part of the southern tier of Free States, and in the cities everywhere, with the cotton merchants, gave the election to Buchanan. Who ought not to shout over such a victory? Border ruffians, indeed, should hurra over it.—

THE LAST MESSAGE.

[From the Orleans American.]

President Pierce is a very poor apologist and advocate for slavery. In his zeal to promote its interests, he has overdone the thing altogether, thereby given the anti-slavery cause a new and powerful impulse, encouraged slaveholders only to weaken their own cause, both North and South, in our own and other nations, rendering chattelized men and women a more precarious species of property, and hastening rapidly the time for the final overthrow of the system, peaceably or forcibly!

Who doubts but the bondman in this free country must sooner or later shed his chains? and who that can discern the signs of the times can fail to see the period approaching? No man in the country has hastened that period more swiftly than President Pierce. His every movement tends directly to that end. His last Message, denouncing the Republicans for their anti-slavery tendencies, is well adapted to keep up the agitation, which he pledged himself in the Inaugural to keep down.

"Slowly the hand has crawled along the dial-plate, wrong is heaped upon wrong, and oppression cries," and at

length the people are aroused. Slaveholders, the aristocracy, consisting of one-half of one per cent. of the inhabitants, supported by their allies, the shamocratic party, rule, and cry dissolution if they cannot.

They administer the government, aiming to strengthen, extend, and perpetuate slavery, while freedom grows strong, "gathers fresh strength from fresh opposition." Slave States hitherto have been added in violation of the Constitution, which guarantees a republican, not a despotic government—Louisiana received with slavery—Texas and Florida at the South. The Fugitive Slave Law comes not for the benefit of the people, but the nobility—Kansas at the North seized—swindled away from free labor—laws forced upon the citizens thereof without their consent, and they forced to obey them—Whitfield accepted by Congress as delegate under those laws, after being rejected by that body because these same laws were void and without force. Who believes the agitation is going to cool off?

The Republicans are charged by the Message with combining to usurp the Government of the United States, because they undertake to overturn such an administration—the slaveocracy that has ruled so long.

"Governments derive their just powers from the consent of the governed." They have usurped the sacred rights of freemen in Kansas—forced them to obey laws which they detest—had no voice in enacting—a "government deriving" authority from fraud and force, without the "consent of the governed"—the legislature of their choice broken up by Federal armed bands. The Government of the United States is guilty of usurpation, not we.—

THE DECISION.

March 18, 1857.

[From the Orleans American.]

In the *Tribune* of Saturday, March 14, over the signature of "T. S. P.," occurs this bold and blunt remark: "This Union is not worth saving, nor this Government worth preserving, upon the basis of the doctrine of the inaugural, backed by the late decision of the Supreme Court." Never

were truer words spoken. If, in all our high hopes and conscious security as being under a Government ordained to establish justice and to secure the blessings of liberty, it turns out now, after two generations, to be a mere sham, a stupendous fraud, then away with it. If the Constitution of the United States is, indeed, what the Garrisonians pronounce it to be, and what the slaveocratic administration with its judiciary say it is—a gigantic instrument of oppression, founded to extend, strengthen and perpetuate human bondage, instead of the blessings of liberty, then trample it in the dust, and begin anew. The sooner the better!— C. R.

“FROM THE OLD FOLKS AT HOME.”

Nov. 20, 1857.

[From the Waukegan Excelsior.]

I have purposely refrained from speaking, either in public or private, of the family troubles of S. G. Love, till now, thinking that the merciless storm of malignity beating upon the devoted head of Mary, his former wife and our daughter, in consequence of the divorce and the unhappy causes of it, might have, ere this, spent its force; but I have waited in vain; I see no end to it, and hence it is time for me to speak out in defense of the fair character of our much esteemed daughter, with what force and power I may command. I am glad, therefore, Messrs. Editors, that a space in your columns is opened to me, and I am invited to fill it.

And let me state in the outset, that those gentlemen of the press who are pursuing herself and husband, A. J. Davis, with fiendish malignity, should not complain if they are handled not very smoothly, especially a gentleman editor of your own place, conductor of the *Waukegan Weekly Gazette*. “The rod for the fool’s back.”

And here I have to say, that my composition may be rather rough—without finish—as I was educated in a district school, and graduated, at the age of twelve, between the plow-handles, yet I hope to make myself understood.

On the 6th of June last, that paper contained a scurrilous article against Mr. Davis and lady, which was made up of sly insinuations against the private character of Mr. Davis,

and bold falsehoods against his wife, to which Mr. C. M. Plumb wrote a reply, correcting the falsehoods, on the 23d of the same month. One of the false charges brought against them was, that an agreement of marriage was entered into between Mr. and Mrs. Davis before the divorce took place, and was the ground of it, to which Mr. Plumb correctly replies: "In regard to the last marriage, the facts are, that Mr. Davis never was consulted by Mr. and Mrs. Love, nor was it agreed between them that Mrs. Love should be divorced from her husband and marry him. So far from this being the case, Mr. and Mrs. Love had agreed upon a separation *before either of them ever saw A. J. Davis*, and she proceeded to obtain a divorce, *only when her husband had become devotedly attached to another lady.*" And the sentence might have closed by saying that Mr. Love has since married the object of his devotion!

This correction was published in the *Gazette*, together with a short note of commendation on the public teachings and private character of Mr. Davis, by Mr. John Gage. Besides, Mr. Gage characterized the statements in the article referred to, "malicious falsehoods."

In the face and eyes of all these corrections, this unprincipled editor has vamped over, enlarged and published a new edition of the malicious slander in the *Weekly Gazette* of 7th November, inst. "Bray a fool in the mortar and he will be none the wiser." Pitching into Jackson's lecture at Searl's Hall, this editor makes him say that a large proportion of mankind have no souls. Wonder if he's one of them?

Though the intention of Mrs. Love to procure a divorce was kept from the knowledge of most of her relatives and friends till obtained, their approval of it was most HEARTY AND UNANIMOUS!

This brings me to the question of her marriage with A. J. Davis. Read the "Magic Staff," and there find a truthful relation of his first perilous adventure in that direction, and his reception at the "Robinson House," and among the relatives—the opposition and indignation he had to brave. And why all this? What troubled so many of us? Just what troubles the *Gazette* now, and all other ranting opposers—simply that we were *then* and they are *still* orthodox

believers, and Mr. Davis was a disbeliever—infidel, heretic, “moral leper!”

We partook somewhat of this same sectarian prejudice—hence the cold shoulder, almost indignity, which he met with; nothing else. We had heard of the strange phenomena down at Poughkeepsie—a young infidel insinuating infidel doctrines; he would contaminate us all—especially his intended; did not believe in the divine record—in the claims set up for the Bible as an inspired book. *Horrible! Away with him! crucify him!* His approach to our family was felt to be like that of a huge dragon with seven heads, two tails and ten horns, about to pitch in among us!—and for this reason only; this was the sum of his offending. We knew nothing against him otherwise. He appeared like a gentleman, and I think he must have had his magic staff with him, and used it as he alleges, else he could not have endured his treatment so patiently.

This, Mr. Geer, is the ground of your bitter opposition. Nothing else. Examine and see. Your articles under review unmistakably show it. It is the ground of most, if not all the opposition to them and their labors—*Religious Intolerance!*

Said I to a clergyman here not long since, “Fowler and Combe are good guides on the subject of life and health.” He retorted sharply, “They are infidels, disbelievers in the Bible—A. J. Davis with them—all of one school.” Hence the inference is that their words and works are worthless. This is the spirit of Bible orthodoxy—of sectarianism. “Work in my harness or die!” They are afraid to have the claims of the Bible discussed; it must not be—hands off. So children are taught and made to believe; hence, they never put off childish things. Orthodoxy and sectarianism are in danger from the new philosophy, and it must be resisted, and where argument fails, a resort to personalities is had, and the believers in the “father of lies” invent falsehoods to ruin the reputation of reformers, and limit their influence. It is said by this editor that Mr. Davis, at a certain time, came near being mobbed. Perhaps it was at the Hartford Bible Convention—the first gathering, I suppose, in this or any other country, to discuss and question the claims of the Bible—which barely escaped being mobbed

by the *orthodox Bible believers* there assembled—Mr. Davis being a member of that convention.

Mother Earth, by the fruits of this intolerance, is paved with human skeletons, both Pagan and Christian, Mahometan and Jew. The Catholic Church, whose haggard “face is all stained with causeless massacres of countless millions,” is the foremost in Christendom, and the Protestant scarcely a whit behind, of which fire, fagot, the stake, the scaffold, are swift witnesses. But there is still hope, though the war upon reformers is no less inveterate than in gone-by ages, yet not so bloody.

But, “can a man be born when he is old?” Yes! I have experienced a new birth—crawled out of the old orthodox shell—I feel like a new man—sectarian shackles off—have sought the truth, and the “truth has made me free.”

Reader, before closing, I will “tell my experience” briefly. Some three years since, Rev. J. Copeland, of this place, a Presbyterian clergyman, gave notice that he would deliver a discourse on the *divine authority of the Bible*. This awakened my curiosity to hear. What! thought I, who is calling in question the Bible at this late day? Why, after the millions on millions that have been sacrificed, in time, labor, blood and treasure, is not that question settled yet? I heard the sermon, and then went to the examination of the subject for myself with a will. I had been somewhat familiar with the Bible, but was now resolved to be more so. I examined on. Last fall, at the close of the exerting campaign for “Freedom and Fremont,” having taken an active part, my mind was not inclined to rest.

Having leisure through the winter, I read. First took up “Nature’s Divine Revelations,” compared its theory of the creation with that of the Bible. Next, “Goodrich’s History of all Nations,” to know more particularly of the religion and sacred books of all nations, especially the more primitive; when I found that ancient mythology and our Bible are all off the same piece.

That the claims set up for it as an inspired book, together with the Koran and all other so-called sacred books, are priestly impositions on mankind.

That God never wrote and spread out before the universe but one book, and that the book of Nature, through which

we may look up to Nature's God—and if man will tune his life to the music, order, and harmony of her laws, he will stand up in God's own image. The world will be reformed.

The Bible is full of contradictions, fictions, absurdities, and impossibilities. It supports and approves lying, stealing, swindling, robbery and murder, war, slavery, and polygamy, and is as much for intemperance as against it. It is a libel and slander on the Great Jehovah—to charge him with indicting such a book. True; some good precepts are found in it; this is no evidence of its divinity. Confucius declared the golden rule five centuries before Christ. Franklin and a thousand others, spoke and wrote many good things; many more than the Bible contains.

Now, in conclusion, I say to all whom it may concern, especially the "Ranters," examine this subject. The days of brute force and gag laws are past. The claims of the Bible are being examined. It must stand or fall on its own merits, like other works. It must pass an ordeal now which it never before passed—and it will be found wanting! Yea, its grandest, strongest positions are overturned by its own theories so clearly that there is no escape.

Mines of treasure have been expended, in the shape of money, time, and labor, in building temples of worship, educating and supporting a priesthood, all for the soul's eternal interest, after the Bible pattern. Now let this vast tide of wealth take a new direction—be applied more to the bodily comforts—the physical and mental wants of man—to remodel society—reform, refine, and elevate the race—promote and extend the universal brotherhood and sisterhood of man—prepare him to live right here, and the *hereafter* will take care of itself.

C. ROBINSON.

WITHDRAWAL FROM THE CHURCH.

June 22, 1857.

To my brethren of the Second Freewill Baptist Church in Clarendon:

I wish you to give me a letter of dismissal from your church, for the following reasons:

1st. I would not say to you that "Nature's Divine Revelations," by A. J. Davis, or the "Harmonial Philosophy," by the same author, are better moral guides than the Bible, or a truer history of the "Creation;" but I do say, that, in my opinion, whatever good Orthodoxy may have done in a ruder state of the world, it has ceased to do any now. Sectarianism can do but little more good, if it ever did any. The churches are a dead weight to all reform movements. They fought the Temperance cause till it was made popular by the "Infidel" world. Indeed, they never have taken hold unitedly in it. So with the Anti-Slavery cause and other reforms. Church members, priests and laymen, are just as filthy—smoking, chewing, spitting, perhaps drinking, and lusting after "filthy lucre" if not the flesh—as other men. Many of them make the Bible support and sustain Slavery, Polygamy, Intemperance, Popery, Protestantism, and all Sectarianism.

2d. So then I have come to the firm conviction that the world needs now a new race of Reformers—purer and holier than the Church affords, more philanthropic, loving and harmonious, less sensual and selfish, requiring less money than it takes to move the sectarian machinery. A new Theology, too, more consistent and rational, more in harmony with natural laws, and of more universal application, than the Orthodox—more vital religion, with less formality, hypocrisy, sanctity and fanaticism—more honesty with less craft and duplicity—drawn and held together by fitness and mutual attractions instead of creeds. This new class of Reformers should embrace all good and pure men and women, in and out of the Church.

C. ROBINSON.

THE BIBLE AND SECTARIANISM.

Jan. 28, 1858.

[From the Excelsior.]

The Bible, the revered and believed in so many hundreds of years, and by so many millions of people, has no just claims, nevertheless, to a sacred book, inspired by God. The claims set up in it are false!—Nor can an error, ever so venerable with years, ever so sincerely and persistently

believed in, be made truth. The careful student of history will not fail to see a striking resemblance between it and ancient mythology. It is a true likeness of that model. Like all other so-called sacred books, which are legion, it is a priestly imposition on mankind. It is full of conflicting and contradictory statements, absurdities, fictions, fabulous stories, and obscene recitals—supports lying, stealing, swindling, robbery, murder, slavery, polygamy, cruelty, war, rapine, blood, and slaughter. It is just such a production as might be expected to be written in the rude, undeveloped age it was, and a probable history of the same. Such a book, written now, would encounter nothing but derision and ridicule. It is a foul slander and libel to charge the Almighty with lending himself to such a work.

God's book was not written on parchment or paper, nor left to fallible or designing man to remodel at pleasure. It is the great book of Nature, spread out before all men, and worlds of men, and he who runs may read. It will astonish the Bible believer when he comes to know, which he may do by impartial investigation, that the book itself is obnoxious to all the above allegations, and more. Out of its own mouth it stands condemned. It is a swift witness against itself. Let mankind examine it—it is high time to "know the truth, and the truth will make you free."

In a historical point of view, the religions of mankind are subjects of the greatest importance, because religious rivalries have been the occasion of the wars which have desolated the world!

Nearly every kingdom and empire has employed some religion as the main instrument of its support. Wherever there has been a state religion the *priest* has become the *tool of despotism*—and thus history will show that some of the greatest promoters of a particular faith, have, at the same time, been among the sternest and bloodiest of tyrants.

According to Goodrich and others, there are 220,000,000 Buddhists, 60,000,000 Brahmins, 96,000,000 Mahometans, 4,000,000 Jews, 139,000,000 Roman Catholics, 62,000,000 Greek Catholics, 60,000,000 Protestants, and 210,000,000 of other religions, in the world.

Let us, in this connection, take some examples of the costs of supporting the religions of the world.

1. The United States. The following statistics are from the census of 1850, which exhibit the startling aggregate of not less than three hundred million dollars of capital absorbed in the business of taking care of the souls of men under our voluntary system. There are in the United States 38,200 churches for public worship, of which 1,200 are Catholic—having accommodations for 14,300,000 persons and of a total value of church property of \$87,500,000. The number of church members is 500,000,—and the regular clergymen 26,842, with occasional ones making a total of 30,000 ministers. Employed at an average salary of \$500, these 30,000 ministers would receive \$15,000,000 annually. To provide for this expense would require a capital of \$187,500,000 at 8 per cent. interest. To this capital add the value of church property, \$87,500,000, and you have a total of \$275,000,000. Now add to this sum—which is a low estimate—\$25,000,000 for the time spent in worship—the money and time expended in the education of the ministry, erecting and endowing theological colleges and seminaries, missionary, tract and bible society enterprises, and you have a grand total of \$300,000,000 to support the churches of the United States, the income of which, at 8 per cent., would amount to \$28,000,000 per annum!

How much longer will the people continue to pay these enormous sums to support a false theology? A system, to say the least, under which there is as much iniquity cloaked and practiced as there is good done by it. A Presbyterian clergyman was asked this question—"Is there not as much iniquity cloaked and practiced under the Bible as good done by it?" "Yes," he responded promptly, "more! much more!"—"Then," I replied, "we can do without it very well. And more—when the belief of its divinity shall cease—its *divine* authority taken from it—when it shall lose this power and consequence, and become of no more authority than other books—Josephus, Rollins, Goldsmith, Gibbon or Goodrich, of our own country and times—which it really is not, then Popery, Slavery, Polygamy, Mormonism, and sectarianism of all kinds, in so far as they cloak and support themselves by the inspired word, so-called, will of necessity go by the board."

Now, let us take a few examples from the Church of Eng-

land, and see some of the exactions of an "established church," under the compulsory system :

The twenty-five State Bishops of England divide among them annually \$900,000—about \$40,000 each ; requiring a capital of \$11,250,000 to produce it at 8 per cent. Eleven Irish Bishops left \$9,375,000 at their death, besides their fat living through life, which, if we denominate it as capital, added to \$11,250,000, would make a total of \$20,625,000.

The amount divided among these Irish bishops, or bishops of the English Church in Ireland, annually, is \$800,000, and the rents and profits of 670,000 acres of land in addition. Estimate the land at \$40 per acre, it would amount to \$27,600,000, and the capital to produce \$800,000 at 8 per cent. would be \$37,600,000 ; add the above, and you have \$58,225,000.

The revenue of the Protestant Church in Ireland is \$4,000,000—requiring a capital of \$50,000,000 to produce it.

Thus we have a capital of \$108,225,000 ; the income of which would be about \$9,000,000. Thus, we see that these twenty-five " children of the kingdom," heads of the English Church, who profess to believe in a book that teaches, and who, doubtless, teach to their flock, " Lay ye not up treasures on earth—money is the root of all evil," receive an income of \$9,000,000 annually, ground from the face of the poor—requiring a capital of more than \$100,000,000 to produce it ; besides, the common clergy receive, in tithes alone, aside from salaries, \$52,421,000 annually, requiring a capital of \$650,000,000 to produce it. Add \$108,000,000 and you have a sum total of \$758,000,000.

From the statistics I am consulting, (Goodrich, pages 966, 969) it is impossible to ascertain, imperfect as they are, how much salary, besides the tithes, the common clergy are paid, what the cost of church-building, of the theological, educational, missionary, tract, and other contingencies, or the support of the Catholic Church in Great Britain. But enough is here revealed to show that the aggregate is truly enormous—aside from the cost of the bloody wars occasioned by sectarian rivalry. There need be no surprise that the English national debt is more than she can ever pay, to say nothing of the aristocracy, which costs as much to support as the church. No wonder that she has many mil-

lions struggling for bread—that the Irish peasants live in mud huts with one apartment, with a hole in the side, answering at once for door, chimney, and window—their wages being a shilling a day—that four millions out of eight millions of her population can neither read nor write.

Taking the above statistics as an index both of America and England, no wonder that, with heaving bosom, the world is initiating a struggle to cast off the mighty incubus—the utter rottenness and corruption—the vast cage of unclean birds, full of dead men's bones, and sighing for a new era, a new, cheaper, more natural and rational religion.

We estimate that ten per cent. of the world's wealth is absorbed in support of its systems of religion, and we may further safely estimate that fifteen per cent. is consumed in intoxicating drinks, another ten per cent. for tobacco and opium, thirty-five per cent. in all. No wonder that society is wrecked, and the nations lie in wretchedness, degradation, and ruin !

C ROBINSON.

CLAIMS OF THE BIBLE AND CHURCH CONSIDERED—THE DISEASE.

February, 1858.

[From the Age of Progress.]

Look over the Christian world—our own country especially, in every hamlet, town and city, and what do we see ? We see wretchedness, destitution and crime—grinding selfishness and its fruits, affluence and poverty. These extremes meet, more particularly and conspicuously in cities and large towns ; magnificent palaces and hovels of poverty promiscuously mixed. Whole blocks of brothels on one side of the street, and their counterpart, a string of wholesale and retail dispensaries of distilled destruction, on the opposite side !

The harlot and the drunkard sit under the windows of the temples of worship ; these sanctuaries casting their tall shadows darkly upon the gloomy walls of surrounding prison “Tombs,” full of living men and women putrid with crime ! Look along and observe the asylum for juvenile

delinquents, from whose ranks issues forth this festering flood of ripe transgressors.

See, too the poor-houses, jails, penitentiaries, and State prisons, all crowded with victims of our false order of society, under our Bible system of theology, which keeps these mighty receptacles of misdirected humanity in requisition.

See the poor Indians melting away before the advancing tide of counterfeit civilization—before the avarice of the “*pale face*” armed with the Bible, the Rifle, and the Whisky bottle! Behold the negro chafing in his chains under a slavery-sustaining Church and Bible. Nor have Christian, any more than pagan nations, “ceased to learn” and wage war. Indeed, what is our own Christian government about at this hour? Why, just administering the salutary, the highly practical and customary Christian remedy for religious quarrels—lead and steel, upon a horde of religious fanatics, who are following the fashion of the Fathers of the Church—the most illustrious personages who figure in the “sacred word.”

See the Church of Christ (so claimed.) itself, coming down to us, through misty ages, broken in a thousand fragments, stained with every sin—reeling with drunkenness and reeking with the blood of martyrs!

I do not pretend to say that the Protestant portion of the Christian church are a body of drunken men, but I do say, in so far as our own State and country is concerned, that the temperance cause is crushed out by the inaction of the church. Not that there are not devoted and zealous laborers belonging thereto, but by the leaning of so many of its members in the opposite direction, from appetite, interest or other cause, in order to keep peace in Zion, the influence of the church is neutralized in the great reform. But the Catholic portion of the church, universally, judging from what specimens we have in this country, from the priest down, are addicted to intemperance. Hence the out-and-out, turbulent opposition of “this branch of Zion” to prohibition and the temperance enterprises generally. And as the “world” could not succeed in a final triumph, and the church would not help, (one branch being in vehement hostility to it,) between the two, the cause lies prostrate and

bleeding under the feet of the enemy, or driven from the field by its foes ; and the “ breathing-holes of hell ” all over the land are in full blast, breeding discord and crushing humanity ; more than \$13,000,000 worth of the liquid death being annually manufactured in the State of New York alone ! And as this branch of intemperance increases, so, too, its counterpart, tobacco-using. See now nearly all our young men sucking and puffing—their organisms saturated—*pickled through* ! their breaths the breath of miasm, and their garments freighted with the noxious odor.

Thus, in the midst—under the operation and influence of this ponderous system of Bible Theology—we get a vigorous growth, and reap an abundant harvest of evils of every magnitude and vice of every grade. It is a righteous judgment to judge a tree by its fruits—a system by its effects ; and as its fruits are more evil than good, the Bible system of orthodox religion should be removed to give place to something more hopeful to humanity—more simple-natured and consistent—more in harmony with nature and with God.

This system has proved a hopeless failure. Society can scarcely be made worse by its removal. C. R.

MONEY—TIMBER—FENCING.

July, 1858.

[From the Freeport (Ill.) Journal.]

ED. JOURNAL : I have spent the months of May and June, and the first half of this, July, in Wisconsin. Traveled, in the meantime, twice across the State, from east to west, within sixty miles, in two different portions of it, both south and north of the Wisconsin and Fox rivers—in the south-eastern and north-western parts of the State—sometimes by private and then by public conveyance, by stage and railroad, and am now sojourning for a few weeks in the renowned “ Prairie State,” and with your consent I will dot down a few things I have seen and heard.

Firstly, there is the terrible groaning, loud and deep, under the “ money pressure.” “ Scarcity of money ! ” “ Want of money ! ” This is the universal cry !

Now there is no effect without a cause. There is no other true philosophy in business or morals, matter, motion, or anything else. What is the cause, then, of this want of money? Simply because the people have got in debt too much—they have tried the credit system too far, have run too fast, lived on tick, absorbing their income in prospect, a year, perhaps more, ahead, and now, when produce and labor go down to ebb tide, their crops and labor will not pay their debts and leave a living, for all must have their daily bread, fuel, clothing, &c. And now is the time for the money sharks—the carcass is here and the eagles gather! Not content with the allowable interest, from ten to twelve per cent. in all the Western States—which, if long continued, will crush any country—twenty-five, fifty, and seventy per cent. is frequently demanded, and, in desperation, sometimes allowed, like the old miller who took the grist and left the toll!

Well, stranger, you ask, what is the *remedy*? Why, pay up, if you can, and “pay as you go” ever after; live within your means, and so much extra money will not be required, and, from necessity, interest or usury will go down, and capital and labor work more in concert.

Without this step toward more rigid economy—although the country through which we pass, is, most of it, beautiful and productive, well calculated for the habitation of civilized communities—without this economy, very many of its present inhabitants must sell out and give place to more prudent and careful men and *women*.

The want of money is painful and absorbing, though, doubtless, but a temporary evil. But there is a want among these prairies, which is more permanent—the want of timber. To a stranger from a timbered country this is a painful lack. Notwithstanding, you speak of this lack of timber to a resident citizen, like as not he will readily reply, “We have enough—more’n we want!” as though thus another might be made as blind as he would fain be.

Still the truth exists. The want of money is doubtless a transient evil, but the want of timber is both immediate and remote. Still, I have faith that the same economy and industry that will overcome the former evil will ultimately, in a good measure, overcome the latter.

Then, stranger, you ask further, what is your plan to supply the present want of timber? This is an important question, and perhaps my suggestions may never be accepted and followed by any one. But here they are; they cost but little, either to write, print, or read them, nor would the outlay in trying the experiment, should it fail, involve any considerable loss.

First, then, fence for the purpose, and prepare, say, to commence with, an acre of prairie ground; procure hard and soft maple seed from any part of the country where they abound, likewise locust seed, acorns, if you choose, walnuts and beech nuts; elm is good for shade, white ash, brown ash, too, for timber and wood. Sow them in the fall, separately and thinly, on separate parcels of the ground, broadcast and drag in. If the seeds germinate, come up, keep them carefully fenced, and fire away from them, and weeds, if needs be, and I venture to say that in forty years, fifty at most, some of these maple trees, if not too thick together, will make from one to two cords of wood each, and each locust tree make considerable of a string of fence. Both bodies and branches may be worked in.

Forty-five years ago this month, the writer moved from Paris, Oneida County, New York, to the western part of the State, then mostly unsettled. As the woods were being cleared away, some hard maple saplings were left standing, and some were set out, perhaps of ten years' growth, in or on the side of yards, gardens, &c., and now, in forty-five years, will make from one and a half to two and a half cords each. Soft maple will grow more rapidly, smoothly, and thriftily, than hard.

If your experiment succeeds, of which I have not the least doubt, for wherever we travel I see that both kinds of maple and locust trees are planted and grow finely, then let ten acres be thus planted on every hundred, with the addition of an acre, more or less, of apple seeds sown in the center. In a few years you would have nice artificial groves clothing the whole prairies where now a great blank prevails, both ornamental and useful—useful in more ways than one—to transplant from, for wood and timber, for fence and other uses, good to break the fierce winds that now sweep unobstructed over these vast western plains.

Fencing is intimately connected with timber, and is an important item in farm pursuits, as well as it. The expense of the one depends on the supply of the other. Timber fences only are now under review.

What, then, is the cheapest method of building it, and the best? Here are my suggestions. The way to build it so as to husband both labor and materials, especially the latter, is as follows:

The posts may be split or sawed, or set whole if the cuts are too small for either. Cedar and oak are best for posts—if sawed tapering will stand firmest in the ground. Pine or hemlock is best for boards; other timber will do—oak, soft maple, chestnut, ash, &c.

For sawing large logs, a mill with a vertical saw will do, but for small timber a circular saw must be used, and the mill so constructed that you may slit poles into fence boards not over three inches in diameter at the top end, if you desire to saw so small ones. In this way a pole large enough for a top-rider on a worm rail fence will make boards for a whole length, and the timber usually used for stakes and caps in such would make the posts.

In some sections where we traveled, where sheep and hogs are not “free commoners,” three boards, four or five inches in width and one in thickness, the bottom one placed one and a half or two feet from the ground, fence well against cattle.

Now for the construction: If you wish to fence a whole farm at once, or make a long string, stake out the line or lines, take your team and plow a land, say from 12 to 20 feet wide, turning the furrows outward from the intended fence. On the line make a deep dead furrow, then draw your line again and dig your holes in the dead furrow, (which are now half dug with the plow,) to the desired depth, put up and steady your posts with a little of the surrounding loose earth thrown into the holes, spike on a board below where the surface of the ground will be when the setting of the posts is finished, to keep them from being raised up by the frost or swayed by the wind, take your team and plow again, and finish the work of setting the posts by turning the furrows back upon your board and posts, nail on your top boards, and the fence is done. Or use the post

auger, or spade, or cleaver and long-handled ditching shovel for digging post holes, as you may choose.

C. ROBINSON.

FARM AND FIRESIDE.

Nov. 15, 1858.

[From the Orleans American.]

We left Holley, self and better half, 5th May last, to spend the summer at the West, among children, relatives and friends, scattered over the country, and a part of the winter at the South, where you see we now hail from. We have now traveled about 3,000 miles; 500 by private conveyance, by stage, a little by water, and 2,500 by railroad.

Arrived at Columbus, Wisconsin, May 7th, traveled considerably over the State, and left it July 15, for Illinois—traveled some in that State, through Chicago, Freeport, in the northern part; Dixon, Dement, De Kalb, Mendota, and Galesburg, in the more central portion of it. Left the State and arrived at Battle Creek, Michigan, August 9, sojourned in the southern parts of this State till September 20, when we left for Medina, in the northern part of Ohio, where we sojourned till October 14, when we passed on to North Lewisburg, in central Ohio, and on November 8, passed on to Cincinnati—spent a day and night there, then down the Ohio river, on the Ohio and Mississippi Railroad across the State of Indiana, crossing the Wabash, its western boundary, at Vincennes, where we are again in Illinois—passed on to Sandoval, and then took the Illinois Central again for Cairo; then took steamboat across the mouth of the Ohio, and down the Mississippi river 20 miles to Columbus, Kentucky; and here we are in a Slave State for the first time in our lives, though I suppose we were between two Slave States, Kentucky and Missouri, on leaving the middle of the Ohio river at its junction. Staid over night at Columbus, took the 8 o'clock A. M. train on the Mobile and Ohio Railroad, 17 miles across the south-west corner of Kentucky, to the Tennessee line, thence here, Bolivar, Tennessee, 78 miles, November 12. We have now fairly entered the Cotton

and "Nigger" country. Expect to leave for home in time to pass through Washington before the close of Congress, 4th March—then on through Baltimore, Philadelphia, New York city, Albany, Utica, Rochester, *home* !

We have traveled most of the time by day-light, and as we are farmers, *nothing* else ! and of course always looking through farmers' eyes, we may say something interesting on it, and its connected subjects, if equal to the work.

I will conclude this article, by relating an incident of home life in the South.

Last Saturday was a sunny day ; an old esteemed friend from Illinois, and self, walked down to the post-office, quarter of a mile from our stopping-place, situated hard by a depot on the Mississippi Central and Tennessee Railroad. Opposite the post-office stands the court-house, a brick structure much the size and appearance of the old court-house in Orleans County.

Along the yard fence were paraded a dozen wigs and a slave trader. My friend and I stepping up, he said, Gents, you wish to buy ? I guess not, said I, short of funds to-day—what's the price ? That big boy [pretty well whitened out] \$1500, weight 160 ; that girl, first rate house servant, good cook, neat all round 12½, all plump, right age 32, weighs 119 ; pick one out, sir, and I'll price it quick. That boy, \$950, weight 72, age 13. This 7½, weight 63, age 11. A mighty smart lot, all plump right ; where do you reside, gentlemen ? In town, sir. Where were these from ? This from Mississippi, that Alabama, from Virginia, all round, any where ; I pick them up where I can find them ; I follow the business. My friend and I sloped without making a purchase to-day.

They seemed quite indifferent, as did also all around, other darkies in the streets, and whites. We saw most of the gang next day, unsold, we supposed, appearing quite gay and unconcerned.

December, 1, 1858.

There are two physical and two habitual evils, existing not exclusively, but prevailing more extensively at the West and South than at the East and North, which I will mention at the outset of this communication.

First, the rage for large farms, and consequent bad husbandry, and so much distance between neighbors, and consequent difficulty of keeping up schools—press of business and cares—"too many irons in the fire," some burning—loss in consequence—neglect of the gardens, both fruit and vegetable. This neglect is universal both North and South, full as much in the former as in the latter. Weeds! Weeds!! Weeds!!!—this the rule with rare exceptions.

I venture the opinion that more than \$5,000,000 are lost in the United States annually by this neglect, besides a great deal of enjoyment derived from a good garden, both in its luxury as food and beauty in adornment. One hour of labor spent in the garden is worth two in any other farm husbandry in substantial benefit to a family as food-producing labor.

This is all wrong, nor do I expect to right it much by what little scolding I can do, though my propensity is strong that way. Germans, never so proverbial for nicety in this department, become lax by mingling with Americans. It is not because we care not, but because we will not. You find the tobacco field—producing a plant that all animals shun and loathe, and but for perverted taste, would be abhorred by man—most carefully and delicately trimmed, made exquisitely nice and clear of weeds, when, right by its side, in the same inclosure even, you may see all useful vegetables struggling for dear life among their enemies—weeds and insects, with very little, if any, attention from the owner.

This brings me to my second point—to speak of the use and abuse of liquor and tobacco. Their abuse is in their use, and mankind are most shamefully abusing themselves with them. God's earth is made to produce nothing that so curses the race! A whisky sot, or a tobacco sot! how loathsome a lump of misdirected humanity. How old earth steams and reels and smokes with the noxious miasma.

In our own little portion of the globe, the South beats the North in these dirty habits. Pickeled bipeds are the rule;—a teetotaller would be a curiosity, rare as snow in summer. Here all drink, smoke and chew hugely. We heard a specimen of humanity consoling his fellow, who was complaining that his drunken habits were proving ruinous to him, by

saying that he had been on a drunken bust six weeks, and by living on meat he stood it well. "Live on meat," said he, "and whisky won't hurt you."

That any people can rise to refinement till they arise from this animalized, lower, dead sea level, is impossible. They may grow in intellect, genius and art, but refined — never.

Physical Slavery has three redeeming traits. 1st—It is not voluntary, 2d—it is some pecuniary benefit, 3rd—it is sectional; whereas, this seductive slavery to appetite has not one. It is self-inflicted, inexcusable and universal—robs individuals and nations of immense physical and moral strength, and incalculable sums of money, the United States of not less than \$100,000,000 annually, which is worse than wasted. The negro is less hopelessly enslaved than the smoker or drinker.

C. R.

"A HUNDRED DOLLAR PRIZE."

September 15, 1859.

"The Church Anti-Slavery Society, at its business meeting, held in Worcester, Massachusetts, on the 29th of March, passed a resolution offering a premium of \$100 for the best tract, showing that the Bible gives no warrant or allowance for chattel slavery."—*N. Y. Tribune*, April 16.

Better let it be as it is; it is the easiest and cheapest way. It would cost no one a hundred dollars to show the opposite. Omit the short word "no," and change "or" to "and," so that the "enacting clause" of the resolution shall read, the Bible gives warrant and allowance for chattel slavery, and the truth is told. The record is so plain that none but the willfully blind can mistake its meaning. A single dollar will pay for copying the record. We know that the Bible, by skillful, lawyer-like handling and rending, may be made to prove or disprove almost anything. A great many tunes have been and can still be played upon it, and many changes rung; but if English words can be framed into sentences to mean and prove anything — then the Bible supports slavery, and if that book is authority, the slaveholder is right in enslaving his fellow man—right in claiming the Bible as a chief corner-stone of the institution. Every anti-slavery man or society, therefore, to be consistent, should

either take the Bible as a human production, with no more authority or binding force than any other history, the Koran, Veda, or any other so-called sacred book, or give up their anti-slavery principles.

Nor is American slavery, as now existing, the whole of slavery authorized by that book. In addition to the enslavement of the black, we may enslave our own white citizens—our “own brethren.” To the proof.

“Now these are the judgments which thou shalt set before them. If thou buy a Hebrew servant, six years he shall serve; and in the seventh he shall go out free for nothing. If he come in by himself, he shall go out by himself; if he were married, then his wife shall go out with him. If his master have given him a wife, and *she* have borne him sons and daughters, the wife and *her children shall be her master’s*, and he shall go out by himself.”

So if a female slave, the wife of a male slave, have children, her children and herself, by this law, are held in perpetual bondage, and the man wanders off alone. “But if the man servant,” under these circumstances, “shall plainly say, I love my master, my wife and my children, I will not go out free; then his master shall bring him unto the judges; he shall also bring him to the door, or unto the door post; and *his master* shall bore his ear through with an awl; and he shall serve him forever!” A pretty apt contrivance to induce a bond-man to choose perpetual servitude with his wife and children! “And if a man sell his daughter to be a maid servant, she shall not go out as the men servants do.” Here is another condition where the slavery of the female is perpetual. Exodus xxi: 1 to 7, inclusive.

This is Bible slavery for our “own brethren;” and under this regulation, American citizens would be justified in enslaving—buying and selling each other. But we have hardly come up to the Bible standard yet in this particular; but in another branch of Bible slavery our system corresponds to the letter! *Hear:*

“Both thy bond-men and bond-maids which thou shalt have, shall be of the heathen round about you: *of them shall ye buy bond-men and bond-maids.*

Moreover, of the children of the strangers that do sojourn among you, of them shall ye buy, and of their families that are with you, which they begat in your land, and they shall

be your possession !—And ye shall take them as an inheritance for your children after you, to inherit them for a possession ; they shall be your bond-men forever !” Lev. xxv : 44th, 45th and part of 46th verses. This is a clincher, and in order to make us common people believe that the rivet is hardly driven home, Dr. Hikok, Professor of Moral Science in Union College, in treating on this subject, omits the words, “ *They shall be your bond-men forever.*” No wonder ; and how many more D. D’s and lesser lights have undertaken to warp, wrest and abridge this plain, straightforward, unmistakable Bible recognition of human or inhuman bondage, regulated by law, I cannot tell. We will wait and see what will be done under this \$100 stimulus.

THE BUFFALO CONVENTION.

Sept. 30, 1859.

[From Fred Douglass’ Paper.]

MR. EDITOR : Having no opportunity to criticise the proceedings of the Convention on the spot, and even had the time allowed, it would have been presumption in one of my poor voice and little practice in public speaking, to make the attempt in that large hall, capable of seating over two thousand persons, being well filled, and before a large circle of men and women with life-long experiences on the forum—I ask, therefore, a place in your columns for a short review, especially of the anti-slavery question.

I know that your paper is chiefly devoted to the deliverance of your down-trodden race, (a sublime object ;) yet you will indulge me with a few thoughts in the outset on other topics discussed by the Convention, that of Maternity being the chiefest of them all.

I was sorry that the apt elaborator, Henry C. Wright, when he said that in that critical and interesting period, the conditions and surroundings of the woman should be of the best character, in order that the offspring should be nobly born, had not included the husband and father as being the first and fittest person under heaven to furnish and continue those conditions and surroundings.

I was sorry, after the introduction, by Mr. Partridge, of that gigantic project of a census, that some speaker to that question had not given out an earnest exhortation to the assembly, urging them, that, while the process of making up tables of figures on the sums expended for intoxicating drinks and their effects, and of tobacco and its effects, &c., self-salvation had not been enforced, so that society might be so progressed that these statistics would be measurably useless as furnishing data for discussion under their several heads; exhorted to harmonize themselves, observe the laws of their own being, tune their lives to the music, order and harmony of nature's laws, each save himself then save his brother, be a law unto themselves, so when each shall be right the whole shall be right, for the whole of society is made up of individuals.

Stephen Foster took this work in hand, and did well for a time; but mounting his favorite hobby, abolition, it carried him off so swiftly that he entirely lost sight of the question.

I was sorry that that other sum of all villainies, intemperance, received no hearty, special rebuke; the thousand-mouthed pandemonium in Buffalo, even belching forth its consuming fires, unceasing, passed unnoticed. Slavery, by a number of speakers, was pronounced "the sum of all villainies;" that is right. But the use of tobacco should be characterized the sum of all nastiness.—

THE U. S. CONSTITUTION AN ANTI-SLAVERY INSTRUMENT.

Dec. 2, 1859.

[From the Liberator.]

"The United States shall guarantee to every State in this Union a Republican form of government."—ART. 4. SEC. 4. U. S. CONSTITUTION.

From this text, taken from the American political Bible for a foundation, I propose some remarks on the standing motto at the head of the *Liberator*. I request their insertion in its columns, and you are at liberty to subjoin such remarks as you may think best.

I am not vain enough to think that I am about to suggest a new idea; the same has been said many times in numerous forms.

Edward Bates, of Missouri, one of the *Tribune's* candidates for the next Presidency, in a recent political manifesto, said, or is made to say by his spokesman, the *St. Louis Evening News*, November 8th, that "the Slave States have not Republican forms of government, but are despotisms." Still, he has the unaccountable, though fashionable inconsistency, to say that, were he President, he would sign a bill for the admission of a Slave State, without hesitation.

"*The United States shall guarantce to every State in this Union a Republican form of Government.*" Have they done that? Far from it. This provision is a dead letter in every Slave State. It is evidenced by their slavery forms of government. Who or what is to blame? Is it the Constitution of the United States? Not so. It is the States and people themselves who have baffled, thus far, the execution and enforcement of this salutary and peremptory provision of the work of the fathers. Nay, we have been multiplying Slave States and slave governments, besides holding others in the Union with slave governments, instead of enforcing the guarantee. The Constitution is clear of this enormity.

I need not insult any man's judgment or common sense by saying that a Slave State cannot have a republican form of government; that slavery and republicanism are eternal antagonisms; that they cannot exist in one community; nor can slave and free labor work together. All know this without being told. The strongest, blindest South-sider in Boston, in the Bay State, in the United States, dare not risk his reputation as a man of sense, and say that any Slave State in the Union has a republican government. Not one! So the question need not be argued, only affirmed. If anybody dare take the affirmative, let him commence.

Would common law practice which belongs to a republican government—courts, juries, sheriffs, jails, or even scaffolds—hold a man in slavery? Not an hour! It is too slow a process. He must be an absolute chattel personal, subject to the will of a master, who has, and must have, the power of life and death over him.

“The power of the master must be absolute to render the submission of the slave perfect. It would not do to allow the rights of the master to be brought into discussion in the courts of justice. The slave, to remain a slave, must be sensible there is no appeal from his master.” [2 *Devcreaux's N. Carolina Rep.* 263.]

“There is no law for negro slavery but that of the overseer's whip,” [L. *Lupington, lb. p. 49—Goodell's Slave Code*, pages 126, 127,] and I would here commend this work to all who are leaning toward the South side of this subject. It would be apt, if read attentively, to strengthen them up.

No. There is no law for slavery but brute force. It has been a system of man-stealing, robbery and piracy, from the time the notorious John Hawkins commenced it in Africa till now.

If this provision of the Constitution had been applied to the system, it would have overthrown it long ago. There are other provisions that would help materially, such as the equal rights of citizens of a State among all the States, the freedom of speech and of the press, &c.

But had this primal provision been enforced, the chief corner-stone of the whole structure, both the fugitive clause and the representative clause, which were mere temporary contingents, would have been obsolete; for there would be no slaves to run away, and none to represent.

So, friend Garrison, I think you have got the saddle on the wrong horse. It is not the Constitution of the United States that is “a covenant with death, and an agreement with hell,” but American slavery, which the “States of this Union, and the people thereof,” have suffered so long to curse and pollute the land, rendering that instrument a dead-letter in the Slave States. No; we, their degenerate children, are to blame, not the fathers; we have been recreant to our trust. They did the best they could, under the circumstances; they did well enough; they furnished the instrument with which to overthrow slavery, and we have failed to use it: and why? Simply because the slave power has always controlled the government, and shaped legislation to protect, extend and perpetuate slavery. The majority of the people and their representatives are willing to

have it so ; indeed, are aiding and abetting—have laid their own sacrilegious hands to it—and are still doing so. The whole nation is corrupted by slavery. Neither the fathers nor their work are worthy of such reproach.

“A republican form of government is a government of the people.” [Webster.] Will any man so stultify himself as to suppose that a portion of the people of a State can hold another portion as chattels, and call that a republican government ? And these chattels, forming the chief material power of the State, doing all its labor, when productive labor constitutes all private and public wealth and prosperity ; while this laboring and producing class is robbed of the last cent of their earnings, which are appropriated by and to the non-laboring and non-producing class, who are rendered by the process helpless and worthless drones, while the laboring and producing class have no participation in the government, nor protection under it.

But, says an objector, these are not people. Who says that ? And by what authority but the law of the stronger, by whom they are crushed to the state of the brute ?

But it is presumed that their pretended owners would not deny that themselves are a portion of the people ; but they are not republicans, under republican governments ; they are petty despots, under rank despotisms, deprived themselves, by the frame-work of the institution, of the essential elements of republicanism—of the freedom of speech and of the press—of the power of manumission, if they would. Nor will it be denied that the non-slaveholding whites are people ; still, by the workings of slavery, they are reduced in their condition to nearly a level with the slave ; deprived of work and wages—as labor is degraded because the work is done without wages—shut out from the tree of knowledge, the free participation in the fruits of which is indispensable to the enjoyment of a republican government ; not allowed to speak, even, in the presence of slave-owners, only to bow assent to what they may say. [See Helper's *Impending Crisis*.]

But it is almost superfluous to quote authority, as almost every reading and thinking person is now familiar with the workings of the institution. The free people of color are no better off.

Nor can it be successfully denied that the slave class is a portion of the people. The instrument under review, the Constitution itself, declares this, and that is good enough authority for me and my purpose, and ought to be for every American. They are mentioned twice—in the representative clause and in the fugitive clause—and in both instances are termed persons, and persons collectively are people—are inhabitants of a state or country. [See Webster.]

What is the peaceable remedy? Why, enforce the Constitution. Require every State in the Union to adopt a republican form of government. As the Free States have done, so let the Slave States do—replace their slave government by a republican form of government.

It is no good reason, though many think so, that because the Free States have done this in their own time, the Slave States should never begin the work. They should be required to do it; and now is a good time to commence, while our Southern copartners are plotting for a slave code for the Territories. The Federal Courts are bound by the Constitution to entertain all cases of law and equity. Which of the northern or free members of the firm will begin? Will Massachusetts, and test the case through the courts?

Nor is it a good reason why the South should not be coerced should they not voluntarily change their form of government, because they have been let alone so long. Wrong is never made right by age. C. ROBINSON.

LETTER TO HON. WILLIAM H. SEWARD.

March 16, 1860.

DEAR SIR: Being one of your immediate constituents, I will not waste time in apologizing for addressing you on a topic of vital interest, not to the black man of this country only, but involving the common constitutional liberties of the white man as well.

I belong to the laboring masses. We farmers, mechanics and laborers have but little interest in politics and government, only to vote intelligently, and see that the government is so administered as to secure our liberties; to protect our persons, houses, papers and effects from unreasonable

searches and seizures ; our life, liberty and property, the freedom of speech, of the press, and of the ballot ; to do and enjoy all the acts and rights which freemen have, and of right ought to have, under the Constitution of the United States ; for I believe we have no just reason to complain of the administration of the State governments of the Free States, but very much of the Federal Government, in this direction ; and we think we have a right to demand of our Federal statesmen better security of constitutional rights. This is all we ask. I speak in general terms for the whole American family, for if one member suffers, the whole body suffers ; hence, I speak particularly for myself and mine.

I am old—have been younger—young enough and old enough, in 1812, to be a pioneer in Western New York, to beat the bush and half beat the British in the second war of independence. Our descendants are numerous : three of them now in the despotic South, and allowed to remain there and prosecute their business only under peculiar force of circumstances, which I need not mention here. And here we are, closed from each other's familiar greetings and interchange, through the medium of letters and periodicals, unless blackened with the smut of slavery and varnished with Southern dirt ; their parents and numerous friends at the North estopped from correspondence, or allowed it only on condition of a degrading and unconstitutional espionage on their part, and at the risk of compromising the safety and business of the other parties.

Thousands are going South, and will go, to seek a more genial climate, and a larger field for industry and enterprise. Cannot these be protected in their legal and constitutional rights, as though they were sojourning in foreign parts ? In the latter case, not a hair of their heads dare be touched. The least right of an American citizen abroad compromised, and the whole army and navy are employed for his protection. Is it so with our own citizens at home ? To the shame and disgrace of our pretended free government, No ! No Northerner is safe in a Southern State. If from the North, that is enough ; he must leave ; and if he gets off without a coat of tar and feathers, or other indignities and violence, he does well. Nor is a Southern citizen safer, if he breathes a whisper, or even thinks a thought against this gigantic system of human chattelhood.

I am very familiarly acquainted with two young men, born in this State, graduates of the same noted seat of learning from which Wm. H. Seward took his degrees, who have gone South, one of them not two years ago, to Alabama, where he procured a paying situation as teacher, from which comfortable position he has been recently ejected, for the only reason that he was a Northerner; though, to my certain knowledge, he defended the "peculiar institution" bravely. The other has more recently made the trial, and writes back to his friends, that "Northerners tell me they are kept under pretty strict surveillance here."

Your speech of February 29, 1860, on the admission of Kansas, was a good one; the *Tribune* and other friends say that. But I must be allowed to say that, in my opinion, it lacks both completeness and directness. The issue is well taken, and the trial of the culprit, slavery, well prosecuted—the facts of the aggressions of slavery on freedom well stated. But what is the remedy? That is the question. This history is familiar to the humblest, but what are the guarantees for the future?

There is one count omitted which strikes deeper at the root of liberty than any one enumerated. The abridgment of liberty of speech and of the press cannot be effected by law. Such a law would be void under the Constitution of the United States, as would the Sedition Law proposed by that ranting demagogue, "don't care, dare-devil Douglas." After having a little taste of "Alien and Sedition Law," the fathers anticipated and estopped such petty tyrants by an amendment, or rather extension of the guarantees of freedom. (Art, 1, sec. 1, of Amendments.) But by insurrection—for I substitute this word for mob violence, which I think may be done in this case, and do no violence to the meaning of terms—I say, by insurrectionary movements of armed men, thirteen printing presses have been destroyed during the "irrepressible conflict," ten of them on professedly free territory, commencing with Elijah P. Lovejoy's, at St. Louis, Missouri, who lost his life in defense of a free press, the third one, at Alton, Illinois, and ending with that of the *Free South*, at Newport, Kentucky, on the 28th of October last, conducted by Wm. S. Bailey. The Federal Government is bound by the Constitution to suppress all insurrec-

tions, yet no notice is taken of these ; but in case of an insurrection in behalf of freedom, the Government would promptly furnish hangmen and hemp for the offenders.

The present Governor of Kentucky informed Mr. Fee and his forty associates, victims of this insurrectionary violence, on their petitioning him for protection, in substance, that the government of Kentucky was too weak to protect them and their rights against the violence of the mobocrats. Is the Federal Government too weak also ? No ! if it does not protect, not only these, but every American, as well at home as abroad, it is for want of will. If the States fail to do it, why should not the United States extend its protecting shield ? But if this, too, cannot, or fails to protect or secure the liberty of its citizens, the Union is a sham, and the Constitution is not worth the paper on which it is written—fit only to be trodden under foot of men ! Are there not members who will propose measures before Congress, and pass them, for the better security of the people under the constitutional guarantees ? Doubtless every member is familiar with the provisions of the organic law. If there be any that are not, they are unfit to be there.

After assuring the perfect freedom which would be extended to Southern men in case they saw fit to prosecute a political campaign in the Free States for the election of any candidates for office, of any party, on any platform they might choose to adopt, you proceed to say, "Extend to us the same *privileges*, and I will engage that you will very soon have in the South as many republicans as we have Democrats at the North ;" and, I add, anti-slavery, instead of pro-slavery Republicans. It would be preposterous to suppose anti-slavery men residing in the Slave States advocating the continuance of slavery in their midst, keeping it where it is, as Northern Republicans do.

But this is not my point. "Extend to us the same privileges." What privileges ? Are not the citizens, both North and South, entitled by right to these privileges, under the Constitution bestowed by the fathers, without begging them from politicians of the North, or a handful of oligarchs of the South. Must we depend on the nod of these ? Or is the operation of these rights to be narrowed down and limited north of Mason and Dixon's line ? or to territories

where are no or next to no inhabitants, and slavery extinguished and freedom established by ambuscade in the woods ?

“ The citizens of each State *shall* be entitled to all privileges and immunities of citizens in the several States.” Does this mean nothing ? “ The freedom of speech or of the press *shall not* be abridged, or the right of the people to peaceably assemble, and petition the government for a redress of grievances.” “ Where the value in controversy shall exceed twenty dollars, the right of trial by jury *shall* be preserved, and preserved in all criminal cases.” Are these provisions “ glittering generalities ” or realities ? What is a government worth that does not protect its citizens ? Like begets like. We have had insurrections against freedom without number, but none of the mobocrats or insurrectionists have been brought to justice, or an attempt made in that direction, though the government is bound to suppress these, and protect the people from their violence. How long, think you, shall this state of things last, ere an opposing insurrection breaks forth, for the security of rights which the government fails to protect, which might grow to revolution, and be difficult to overcome, and sweep the disturbing element from the land ? Slavery propagandists better not tempt that day ! Scarcely a speech is delivered by Southern members, in either House of Congress, without a sprinkling of vehement clamor relative to Southern rights under the Constitution, mingled with fierce threats of disunion unless they are allowed such rights.

Why should not the Constitution be analyzed in their presence, and see how the account stands ? Slavery has no part nor lot in that instrument ; it is not polluted by it. The fathers found slavery in all the States but one, and under the rule they themselves adopted, that “ The powers not delegated to the United States by the Constitution, nor prohibited to it by the States, are reserved to the States respectively, or to the people,” (Article X. of Amendments,) slavery, or the right to hold slaves, was never “ delegated to the United States,” nor “ prohibited by it.” The fathers left it where they found it, in the States, and said to those States, When your laborers run away, you may catch them, if you can, and no sister State shall let or hinder. And they gave them further liberty that they might be represented in

Congress, not as chattels, but as "persons"—men. Here is all there is of slavery in the Constitution of the United States, and that is none at all ; it is an institution outside of that, belonging to the States ; and if the Constitution were enforced, would push slavery to the wall, and these two provisions would die of their own accord, outside the camp, like the leprous person under the Levitical code, without an expunging from the statute books, "for there would be no slaves to run away and none to represent."

You say abolition cannot follow from the action of the Constitution. Give us protection and free play to speech, press and ballot, and we would batter it down while you were firing the first platoon of blank cartridges in the territories. Nay, more—"The United States *shall* guarantee to every State in this Union a republican form of government." Give fair play to this untried battering-ram, and slavery would be rooted from the American soil, and numbered with the things that were ; for a slave government is a despotism, not a republican form of government.

You say the Republican party will "take up the word Union, coupled with Liberty, come what may, in victory as in defeat, in power as out of power, now and forever." This sounds very well indeed on paper. But *words*, it is said, are "empty things." What is the *fact* of Union and Liberty ? There is none, unless discord and tyranny are union and liberty. Slavery is the constant, ever-present, disturbing element ; the numerous historical facts in the speech under review show this. It breeds, and will breed, discord and tyranny. There are more union, liberty, and fraternity between the British possessions under monarchical government, stretching along our northern borders, and the North, than between the Northern and Southern States of this pretended Union. Notwithstanding the immense sacrifice of blood and treasure to wrench ourselves from England, after eighty years' trial, there is more safety and liberty to-day, under the British Government, than under our own Federal Administration, and all right-minded men and women would choose the former to the latter. Will American statesmen continue this state of things till the General Government becomes a hissing and by-word among the nations, contemptible in the eyes of the American people, and our experiment proves a failure ?

The President is being put on trial for the alleged corrupt misapplication of public money. The money of the people is of small value, compared to their liberties. In my humble opinion, the Executive should extend the protecting arm of the Government by proclamation, backed by suitable force, as a protection and passport to every citizen of the Republic, in his person, house, papers and effects, in his life, liberty and property, to travel and to speak, to write, print, and circulate any printed matter; liable for the abuse of these privileges, not to lynch law, but only to the laws and Constitution of the land; and all branches of the government should unite and suppress every unauthorized combination of armed men, under whatever pretext.

Most respectfully yours, C. ROBINSON.

LET SLAVERY DIE.

Sept. 18, 1860.

[From the Orleans American.]

At the late Republican demonstration at Holley, our esteemed friend Graves, in his usual racy, felicitous style, showed up slavery in many of its features of ugliness, but concluded at last to let it live. When will speakers, writers, leaders, men of mark, learn to say, Let it die. It is just as easily pronounced, and far more logical and consistent. Let it die and be buried out of sight of humanity.

But Northern Republicans say, let it live, the northern branch of the Democracy at the North say, let it live or die, we don't care which, and at the South say let it live surely. another branch of the Democracy are clamorous for its spread and perpetuity. All branches of the Democracy have housed the animal snugly in the safe keeping of the Supreme Court, there to fatten and thrive.

Mr. Sumner, even, after his masterly lifting of the curtain to exhibit slavery as it paints itself in five colors in a ground work of bloody red, comes to the painful conclusion to still let the barbarous system live. This heroic anti-slavery man can hardly yet say, let the beast die.

Governor Seward is doubtless off the anxious seat, growing in grace, in the faith and practice of the irrepressible conflict, judging from his recent remarks at Boston. He

says, after assurances of a Republican victory, that "for the first time this banner will be unfurled in safety in many of the Slave States. But let not your expectation be confined here. I tell you, fellow citizens, that with this victory comes the end of the power of slavery in the United States." I believe it. I believe, too, as he intimates, that the last sham-democrat is born in the United States. Yet he seems rather too modest to suggest that the end of slavery itself will follow of course—is only a question of time.

Is there any good reason why it should not die, and the party that sustains it die with it? It is a system of violence, theft, fraud and robbery, and of necessity requires violence, theft, fraud and robbery to sustain it. The Democratic, pro-slavery President, robs the public treasury for his infamous Lecompton and other schemes to support slavery. The Supreme Court dooms itself to eternal infamy for slavery. The Senate consumes its sessions in plotting for slavery. The House of Representatives presents a scene of disorganized gladiators for slavery. The mails are rifled, post-offices plundered for slavery. Kansas is rejected as a Free State, and Douglas skulks a vote, for slavery. A homestead bill is defeated for fear that slavery cannot run rampant over the land and blight the soil with the mildew of slavery. A Pacific Railroad cannot be built, and other beneficial public enterprises projected, we that would favor free labor cannot be protected from ruinous foreign competition, for that would interfere with slavery.

But I am asked on all hands, how are you going to kill slavery? Let it die; let all the North remove its broad shoulders from under, steady it no longer, but with one acclaim pronounce, Let it die; and with one accord resist to the death the setting its dirty feet on another inch of territory, and intrust the killing to the South itself. They have the materials there to kill it, and will do it, beginning with Missouri, so soon as these materials are marshaled in proper order.

Here, reader, is my simple, and, as I believe, only practical and feasible plan for the abolition of slavery, very briefly stated. Let every Slave State do as the Free States have done—abolish slavery in their own time and way, and believe me, there are elements now actively at work to very soon accomplish this grand result.

Slavery has already swung North one and a half degrees over free territory. Shall it swing back only to 36 deg. 30 min., what freedom lost? Nay, that would be childish and cowardly. Let its momentum carry freedom to the Gulf coast.

C. ROBINSON.

THE CONFLICT BETWEEN FREEDOM AND SLAVERY.

Dec. 20, 1860.

[From the Orleans American.]

Texas was grasped and the United States embroiled with Mexico, to spread slavery. The Blue Lodges were formed in Northern Missouri, and Kansas invaded for slavery. This called into existence the Peoples'—the Republican party—expressly to meet the issue of slavery extension tendered to the country by the slave power, the southern party, and to counteract that tendency.

The people have met the slavery propagandists face to face and signally beaten them at their own game, tendered by themselves, not, however, by bullets, their chosen weapons of warfare, but by ballots. Now hold them to it. No more compromises with slavery—no more slave territory, no backing down. Hold what you have and get what you can. This is their game, pay them in their own currency. These slaveholders—rule-or-ruin men—a mere moiety of the inhabitants of the United States, mean to rule the offices—a vanquished enemy dictate terms of peace.

President Buchanan, in his late Message, says that “the agitation at the South arises chiefly from the fact that the slaves are inspired with vague notions of freedom, hence a sense of security no longer exists around the family altar; servile insurrection is apprehended.” No doubt of that. He proceeds: “But let us take warning in time, and remove the cause of danger.” Is the President sincere? Slavery is the cause of danger, nothing else. Remove that and the danger is removed, and not till then; whether in the Union or out, the danger will remain and be intensified. Will Mr. Buchanan and his partisans help remove the cause of dan-

ger? No. They would not touch the cause, but cherish the viper in the bosom of the republic!

ONE OF THE PEOPLE.

A WEEK IN NEW YORK.

Oct., 1860.

[From the Herald of Progress.]

THE PRINCE.—“Hush!” say you? “Enough of that.” Agreed. Full enough in one direction. If any live American had the least inkling for *Royalty*, surely, like heat from dying embers, it must have all oozed out of him, or else he “hasn’t read the papers.” What quantities of ink have been wasted to make the thing ridiculously repulsive!

On the day of the advent of the Prince into New York, we were stationed—companion, self, and a number of our children—at 594 Broadway, in the neighborhood of the Metropolitan, provided with a comfortable seat on a temporary platform, prepared, *gratis*, at considerable trouble, by the generous occupants, for which we again return them our thanks.

There we sat five mortal hours, gazing at the crowd before us, and peering down the street to catch a glimpse of the lion of the day. On either side huge piles of brick and mortar towered up fifty, yea, one hundred feet, stowed brim full of humanity on tiptoe; the street, as far as the eye could reach, one surging mass of men, women and children, all seeming to let patience have its perfect work. Indeed, there never was, I venture to say, a more sober and decorous crowd together, surrounded, as they were, by those haunts of temptation—the liquor dens.

At length martial airs announced the approach of troops, which came up in gallant style, halted and deployed immediately before us, and there stood, patiently sweltering under heavy armor, with the thermometer at 70°, until darkness closed the view, and this long before the Prince appeared. Hence, neither could we see England’s prospective sovereign, nor he the thousands of already made American sovereigns—the real lords; this failure, the result of bad management in the city authorities, was to many a severe disappointment.

The military made a fine display, worth sitting some time to see; as good, well trained, well equipped and caparisoned cavalry and infantry (I saw no artillery) as I ever saw—perhaps better; and the reader will allow me to be something of a judge, having been a soldier in the war of 1812, and mingled in some of the fierce onsets along the Niagara line under Generals Brown, Israel, and Peter B. Porter.

While in waiting for the appearance of the young gentleman, the Prince, I meditated in this wise: Here is a small wedge of stone and earth, stuck down into the sea, with a spacious bay and barbor, land-locked and sheltered from the fierce winds by numerous clustering islands and submarine bluffs. Thus slept this little spot in its native grandeur for untold ages, till its discovery, in 1609, by Hendrick Hudson. In 1610, only 250 years ago, a few Dutch ships opened a trade with the natives in their wigwams and bark canoes. How incredible the change! Who can picture it!

Behold the avenues, streets, temples, palaces, galleries of art, the museum, with specimens of animals that creep, swim, walk and fly; the display of high refinement supplanting the Indian trail, the hut, ignorance and savagism.

This human hive, spreading its white wings, gathers substance from every shore. And do the rich consider that it is work—hard toil—productive industry—that procures it all? Not a farthing of capital is produced without labor; nothing is made without it, from a pin to a palace. While the rich are lavishing thousands on holiday exhibitions, princely receptions, and “Great Eastern” jubilees, let them think of and care for the poor, the down-trodden and the weak—those by whom their pride is pampered and their coffers filled.

Other things I thought of during those tedious hours, some of which we will postpone to a future number. What a contrast in these ovations of peace, and the “cursed essay of arms!” How different the aspect of New York now from that presented on the 2d of July, 1776, when General Howe and his army took possession of Staten Island, and the disastrous battle was fought between the American and British forces, on the site where Brooklyn now stands.

That has passed, and the bond of peace now links the two

nations. In some things we emulate our motherland, but in others we pray to be excused. We want no lordships and tenantry, no entailed estates, no million dollar fee to the executive administration, no Church and State coalition, by means of which every person is bound by law to support the priesthood. Our hypocritical American Church gets along by voluntary contributions at the rate of some \$30,000,000 annually, whereas, the people of England are forced to pay three times that sum, and more, to support her State religion. Without a State religion and landed estates, monarchy is impossible, as a military despotism, like France, is without troops, or slavery without land monopoly.

Finally, we want no titles of nobility, but just such a constitutional government as our own, well administered—not by a person of chance royalty, but by a citizen elected by the magnificent scheme of the ballot, even should we hit on a plowman or a *rail-splitter*.

C. ROBINSON.

THE CONFLICT BETWEEN FREEDOM AND SLAVERY.

March 8, 1861.

[From the *Liberator*.]

TO HIS EXCELLENCY, GOV. MORGAN—*Respected Sir*: Suffer an humble citizen, one of your supporters and constituents, to address you in relation to your late message, generally and especially on the important national subject discussed in closing.

I had been looking with considerable anxiety to see what Governor Morgan would say on the revolutionary attitude of South Carolina and other Southern States, which, being parties in forming the Government, and having its administration in their own hands, are plotting to overthrow it—aping the Declaration of Independence with the same propriety that the King and Parliament of England would have done to subvert their own government, and then to publish a similar Declaration.

I was pained, if not mortified, in reading that part of the message, recommending the repeal of the dead law, defunct

twenty years—to galvanize it into life, then kill it again—done only, it seems to me, to appease the wrath of the plantation bullies, from the fact of their being ejected from power in the Federal Government, without requiring them to respect the rights, lives, liberty and property of citizens of New York. It looks to me like a great stretch of conservatism, if not timidity. Like a petulant boy whipped just enough to madden him—then given sugar candy to quiet him!

We are constantly told by the papers that Northern citizens are not safe in a Slave State—those of New York not excepted. I hoped to hear from the Governor of the “Empire State,” backed with an army of 470,000 men, something emphatic on this vital question. Are not the liberties and lives of our citizens—whose innocent blood, shed by brutal violence, and not yet dried on Southern soil, is crying for atonement—of as much importance to us, at least, as the repeal of an old dead law is to them?

I hold that, if we have departed from our constitutional obligations, we should return—and *they be required to do the same.* * * * *

You say the Union must be preserved. That cannot be, with the antagonisms of freedom and slavery. They will no longer work together as yoke-fellows. *Slavery must now go to the wall!* Then we may have a Union.

We can run the five-wheeled carriage no longer; there is too much wear and tear—the machinery will not work. The odd wheel must be removed, or given over to the seceding States, whereon to run their negro chariot; and let them steady the tottering ark as best they may.

If, in the operation of natural laws and in the course of human events, the time has not fully arrived for the “safe deliverance of the woman,” and the birth of universal freedom—wait! But stand erect!

I suppose when the message speaks of insurrection and its suppression, little else was meant but a servile insurrection among the slaves, who, by some means, begin to feel the native germ of liberty feebly unfolding, which finds a lodgment in every human soul, and the love of it springs eternal in every human breast; having obtained some vague notions of freedom, causing them to be restless, and the fire-side of the master insecure.

May they not, too, find out that when New York and Pennsylvania, with their million men capable of bearing arms, with vast munitions, added to the martial force of all the States remaining in the Union, are no longer under any obligation to interfere to suppress an insurrection, a strike for wages and liberty would be much more hopeful, and far less perilous, and facilities for escape greatly increased!

Most respectfully yours,

C. ROBINSON.

P. S. I well remember when, in August, 1814, Governor Daniel D. Tompkins sent up his proclamation to Western New York, then sparsely settled, for the militia to turn out, *en masse*, and ordered them to Buffalo, which had been burnt clean by the enemy the previous winter. We did go, as some of us had done before. Many of us volunteered under General P. B. Porter, crossed to Fort Erie, joining the few surviving regulars there, whipped the British on their own ground, which closed the war on "Niagara's bloody frontier." And why the war? A British frigate had fired into one of ours, the Chesapeake, and killed a man. The outrage being subsequently justified by the British Cabinet, was among the chief causes of the war in 1812. Nor was Pierce first insulted, tormented, humiliated, and then killed. If Georgia refuses to make reparation for brutalities upon northern citizens, but justifies these offenders, and refuses to surrender them to justice on demand, I would take reprisals, and fight her till she would come to terms.

VEGETABLE AND FRUIT GARDENS.

April, 1861.

[From the Herald of Progress.]

MR. EDITOR: You ask me to make a statement, 1. "Of how much land I have as a garden." 2. "How I treat it during the different seasons." 3. "What I get in fruit and vegetables."

Yes, Mr. Editor, most cheerfully will I do this. I have not the least hesitation in saying, that a mere trifle of land may be made to produce fruit and vegetables for all the ta-

ble necessities of any family, *which would be one-half of their living*, and that, too, by employing only odds and ends of time—a mere recreation.

I have been sorely pained when traveling, and even at home, to witness the sad neglect of gardens. We have traveled quite extensively in eight of the Northern States, both the Canadas, and considerably in four of the Southern States, and everywhere this almost universal neglect is deplorably apparent.

I am no professional gardener. My life business has been farming; gardening being incidental for family use and comfort. At the age of sixty I quit field labor, since which time, for eight years, I have done but little except in my garden. It contains ninety rods of ground, on which I raised, last year, the following amount and variety :

VEGETABLES.

Fifty bushels of potatoes ; five hundred cabbages ; three hundred heads of lettuce ; twenty bushels of onions ; fifty bushels of turnips ; four bushels of peas ; one bushel of beans ; one barrel of cucumber pickles ; five bushels of tomatoes ; twenty bushels of carrots ; five bushels of beets ; a bed of asparagus and sage ; a bed of parsneps and also of vegetable oysters ; onion, beet, cabbage, lettuce, parsnep and carrot seeds ; two bushels of squashes ; four bushels of sweet corn ; and four bushels of pop corn.

FRUIT.

Six apple trees, just coming into bearing, produced two bushels ; ten bushels of peaches ; seventy-two dwarf pear trees, of one year's growth from setting, and one old standard, produced five bushels ; ten bushels of plums ; seven bushels of currants in stem ; one bushel of English gooseberries ; one half bushel of white and black raspberries ; one bushel of strawberries ; five bushels of grapes ; any quantity of pie plant ; one half bushel of cherries, and one bushel of quinces.

I do no extraordinary thing to the ground, spring or fall ; see that it is well fenced, so no animal—man or beast—poaches over it ; well manured, well plowed or spaded, and planted with good seeds at proper times and seasons. I cultivate nicely both fruits and vegetables ; never let a weed go to seed or grow an inch high.

Herein lies the main secret of success. Keep your gardens as neat and prim as you would a tobacco yard. We have frequently witnessed tobacco and vegetables growing in the same inclosure, side by side, the former kept admirably clean and neat, while the latter were left to struggle for dear life among the weeds. Shame on such perversion !

Give the ground all the south exposure possible. This is a sandy loam, and needs no draining. A compact, stiff soil must be under-drained. Save all your wood ashes, droppings of cow, horse, pigs, hens, and the night soil ; make the most of them and apply them in the spring. Put out a hot-bed the fore-part of March, in this latitude, for early cabbages, tomatoes, etc. Lettuce may be had early by sowing in a warm corner, late in the fall or any open spell in winter ; cover with coarse brush, and the brush with old mulch, straw, stalks or hay, which remove in early spring.

I raise a crop of Robinson's early whites—early Junes—which are the best early potatoes I ever tried, and follow them with English globe turnips, and never fail of a good crop of each. The potatoes will come off so as to sow the turnips the fore-part of August ; I sowed, last summer, the 14th of August, and had a fine crop, though the season was unusually good for turnips. Sow broadcast, and thin out with the hoe to ten or twelve inches. French, or sweet turnips, are best for table use, but cannot be matured in this way ; the season is too short. Sow these the last half of June ; transplant or not.

I grow two crops of cabbage on the same ground, early and late. Plant corn or something, after peas ; cucumbers after early English onions. Spade holes deep in the alleys between the beds, saturate the holes with liquid from hog or hen manure, plant the seed therein the last of June, and by the time the vines begin to run, the onions will be ripe to harvest.

This is just about business enough for an old gent who has fought the battle of life, beginning in the " woods." I make from this little plot \$100 yearly, on an average, besides supplying the table for three or more persons, and a good deal towards wintering the cow. I plant strawberries among the dwarf pear trees ; the trees are set ten feet apart.

C. ROBINSON.

LETTER TO WENDELL PHILLIPS.

Jan. 28, 1861.

DEAR SIR : I am a stranger to you, but not you to me. The display of the forensic powers of Wendell Phillips in the interests of Freedom *versus* Slavery for the last quarter of a century has made his name and power throughout the land as familiar as household words.

The undersigned was educated in a district school, and graduated at twelve between the plow-handles, consequently frank and blunt, so I venture to criticise your efforts in this department of your universal labors.

I had the pleasure, recently, to meet and have an interview with Miss Anthony and Mrs. Stanton at our county-seat, Albion, when I made the same objection to their instrumentality that I now make to you, and they both acknowledged the force of my position.

H. R. Helper, in his "Resurrection of the Dry Bones," the "Impending Crisis of the South, and How to Meet it," is the only American Abolitionist that, in my opinion, has done justice to the subject or approached near to it. In perfecting the steam engine as a propelling power, Fulton caught the idea from observing the operation of the English artists, Watt, Stephens and others, that two wheels, a dual force instead of a single one, was needed to overcome the difficulty and make it go. The second wheel was applied and it was a success. So I told them what I now tell you, that in my opinion you have been laboring all this time with one wheel, hence the lack of more speedy and complete success.

Nay, when you portray the miseries, the villainies of the system of slavery connected with the black race, less than half the story is told. Perhaps Mr. Helper, in picturing the degradation of his non-slaveholding white brethren, places less stress than truth requires on the condition of the slaves ; but here it is ; and when this wheel is placed in the abolition machinery, success will be more speedy and certain. All men, of every party, acknowledge that slavery operates more injuriously, with more crushing weight, on the poor whites in the Slave States, than on the blacks ; and what every-

body says must be true. Nor does the evil stop here. I am an agriculturist, have looked into slavery, have seen the delapidated cotton fields ; reasoning from analogy, and judging from what I have seen, a very short decade of years would elapse ere the whole of these delicate cotton lands would be denuded of their reproductive forces from the blight and tread of slavery. Nothing but the skill, enterprise and energy that a system of free labor in parts will arrest this destructive tendency. These lands, as I told some of the slaveholders, when we were among them in 1858, run off faster than their negroes, and no fugitive law can reclaim them. Cut up these large farms of from one to two thousand acres into ten or twenty, put skillful, industrious farmers on each, so grow ten times as much cotton and all other crops as now, make ten times as much manure, having ten times the facility and force to apply it. Kill off your dogs, and introduce sheep instead. Dogs and sheep will not flourish well together, whereas wool and cotton husbandry together would be a magnificent business. Sheep would return to the land, aside from other advantages, what the cotton absorbed. And when slavery is abolished or the system of paid labor introduced, which would amount to that, large farms, or land monopoly, and dogs, can both be dispensed with.

In your recent speech at Music Hall, Boston, you suggest the education of the slave preparatory to freedom. It appears to me that on this point all anti-slavery philosophers, of whatever school, fail, as on the point above suggested, to elaborate or state the true position of the case. In one of the most essential departments of knowledge, in that department without which the returning, every-day, animal wants cannot be supplied, they are already well educated; even many of them masters. All of them understand all kinds of common labor, and not a few are superior in all indoor and out-door work.

In the winter and spring of 1843 we boarded a runaway slave from Kentucky, through the school term, while he attended our district school near by, for his work between school hours ; and I venture to say that no white man in the State of New York could turn his hand more skillfully to any and all kinds of work in the house as housekeeper in all

its numerous departments, and out-doors in all kinds of farm work; and it is my deliberate opinion that the slave is far better prepared to take care of himself than the master, from this very reason, if no other, the slave knows how to work and the master don't.

Doubtless both would feel a mutual dependence to which they have been long accustomed were they both left to shift for themselves, as incident to a free labor system, but the master would fail on the dependence most, would be the worse off; but practice makes perfect; they would both out-grow it in time, and be able both to walk erect under the impulse of a new and infinitely better, more exalted manhood.

Yours, very respectfully, C. ROBINSON.

LETTER TO HON. PRESTON KING.

Aug. 9, 1861.

DEAR SIR: My letter of July 1st, of which you had the goodness to acknowledge the receipt August 5th, contained, I think, this sentiment: I hope most devoutly, that at the approaching Congress a blow may be struck at the root of the rebellion, that through the exigencies of war, slavery will be abolished in all the seceded States, all property of active traitors confiscated and loyal citizens indemnified, not only as to their interest in slaves, but all property. You reply, "There is no reason, I think, to apprehend the danger you advise against." That is, if I understand the sentence aright, there is no reason for adopting such a policy to put down the rebellion. Am I right?

Well, then, let us apply a brief analysis. Slavery is the cause of the revolt. No one of common sense will deny that. Mr. Pomroy, of the Senate, in the title to his "Bill to suppress the Slaveholders' Rebellion," has given it the right name. Were it not for slavery, there would be no slaveholders to institute rebellion, and these traitors have told the world plainly what they are at, both in word and deed. They are forming a government based on slavery, and who does not believe that if they had the power, they would destroy freedom, and establish slavery everywhere, both North and South. They are striking every desperate blow,

both by sea and land, to cripple the Federal Government, to subvert the Union, and subjugate the people to their iron rule. They would cut all our throats, could they catch us, or reduce us to serfs.

Why not, then, return the compliment—take the issue as proffered—strike the most effective blow at once, as they would do? Why not remove the cause of disorder, and thus relieve the patient? Why treat him so gingerly, handling him with gloved fingers, when he ought to be overcome by every instrumentality in our power? Take the stinger from a wasp and he is harmless. Meet the issue plumply, squarely at a venture, then, and risk the consequences. Let the people take sides, both North and South, for freedom or slavery—for a free government or a slave government—and try the momentous issue by the essay of arms, as the slave-holding rebels have chosen.

It is a good opportunity to test the question whether we are to become “wholly free, or wholly slave.” * * *

If government and people are waging the war merely to kill the rebellion without killing the cause with it, and thus relieve ourselves and posterity from this ever-present, disturbing, mischievous and dangerous element, if that somehow is to survive, be let alone, left to live on, we still to be mixed up with it—in a word, if the Union is still to be cemented by the blood of the slave—“let it slide,” disband your armies, and recognize Jeff. Davis’ Slave Confederacy. Better, even, the viper be next door neighbor than harbored longer in the family.

Your desired tax law will affect us, personally, but little. Our real estate is trifling, and our income is considerably less than half of \$800, but I have imposed on myself a voluntary tax of \$100 to help support the families of volunteers—which I shall pay reluctantly for the further prosecution of any such worse than aimless war as I have just mentioned. I am too old and infirm now for camp-life and active service, but I can labor some yet at home—pay and encourage our heroic young men in a war for universal freedom; but if this grand guiding star is to be shoved into the background, I can no longer urge our youth to mingle their young blood with slave soil, to be still pressed by the tread of the slave. Very respectfully, yours, C. ROBINSON.

FATHER ROBINSON ON THE PRESIDENT'S LETTER.

[From the Herald of Progress.]

"Is the Government still afraid of offending the South?" I should judge so by reading the dispatch of President Lincoln, modifying Gen. Fremont's proclamation—in my opinion a very inopportune step, backward, to say the least of it. The *people* are getting bravely over such fears. They are beginning to be in earnest, and determined to put down, not only the rebellion, but the cause with it. "Opinion ripens as events hasten," and they are beginning to comprehend that the two are indeed one and inseparable. They should arouse and demand at once, not only the remodeling of the Cabinet—placing Fremont at the head of the War Department—but demanding also that the President issue a similar proclamation forthwith, not, however, of that limited character, but embracing the whole of Slavedom; and depend upon it, they will do it!

One such step backward disheartens the loyal portion of the people more than any Bull Run disaster. One or two more such blunders and backslidings by the Government, and the people will give up all for lost!

MAJOR GENERAL FREMONT.

Sept. 22, 1861.

[From the Freeport Journal.]

Permit a subscriber to say a few words through your columns, on the war. I think we have a right to speak, having a son and grand-son in the grand army of the west. The latter entered the service at the first blast of the bugle, and has remained at his post, and from him we received recently a long and very interesting letter dated at "Bird's Point, Missouri," and its tone indicates that he is full of the brave and dare-devil spirit of the soldier. The son has entered the gallant first Wisconsin Regiment, Company A, and in requesting our consent to enter the service, says, "Surely mother would not have her son simply a cowardly looker on

while other mothers are sending theirs to battle? It is vastly better to hazard life, I hold, than to loose liberty and see the cause of truth and justice suffer. Persuasion has been exhausted on these Southern tyrants, and force only is left, with which to convince them of the wrongs they have committed. I feel, therefore, the necessity of enlisting in some capacity in the struggle which our country is now making to preserve her name and liberties, and with hers, the liberties of the civilized world—for I feel that the fate of freedom in this conflict will be its fate the world over." Besides, in other days we have ourself mingled in the bedlam of battles for the common defense of our flag and country; and have now imposed a voluntary tax on our little income, of \$150, on the account of, and for the prosecution of the war. Have we not a *right* to speak on the subject? In the *Journal* of September 11th, you say truly, "that the effect of the proclamation of the President in answer to that of Fremont's was heart-sickening. There was a rumor, at one time, that he had been superseded. Of course it was false. The government would not be so supremely foolish as to thus cut its own throat. The truth is, Fremont has struck the key-note of the whole matter, and the people recognize it, and are bound to sustain him. Nothing more true than this; and while the government at Washington is splitting hairs about the late ridiculous law of Congress, which offers a bribe to the slave to enter the rebel camps and fight against us, as an indirect road to freedom, and ties the hands of the Commander-in-Chief and his Generals, Fremont seems to understand the exigencies of the case, and breaks through the "municipal" fetters by the war power, and rises above it all. His proclamation frees most of the slaves of Missouri, and as I see, too, by your paper, he is carrying out his well begun purpose by manumission. Let him take one more step—make one more forward move, and the work for Missouri will be completed, and she a free State.

I hope to hear another proclamation from Fremont, mustering all the able-bodied freed slaves into battalion, arming and leading them against their worse than savage masters, at the same time calling on all the free colored men in all the States—in Canada as well—to join and swell the liberating army, help fight the great battle of freedom waged on

their account, thus save many white northern sons, and disenthral their kindred and race. Against this measure the Government doubtless is still full of false delicacy, but the people are getting bravely over it. Let blows like this fall thick and fast in Slave States. Why not? While it is difficult for us of the Free States to leave home to join the army on account of home work, the slaves are left behind, what are not taken along for camp service, to do the labor, while the masters muster to fight us. *That the slaves on the plantation are just as much supporting the rebellion as the white men in the field*, needs no argument to show, and without their help the traitors could not hold out a month; indeed, they never could have raised a rebellion!

Why not turn their own guns against them, cripple this horde of national rascals at once, as they would do by us, had they a like advantage—end the war, let the oppressed go free, laying a broad and permanent foundation for perpetual prosperity and peace? I repeat, *why not?*

Messrs. Editors, will you please send a paper containing this article to each—our son and grand-son mentioned above, both of whom you know without my calling names, and their address—with our earnest request that they infuse among the officers of the army, among whom I believe they both hold rank, as well as among the rank and file, the above plan and policy to the utmost of their ability and influence.

We have more sons, sons-in-law, and grand-sons, we could “lay on the altar of freedom,” but will wait to see whether the Government and its Generals will strike this decisive blow, take the men already on the ground, as well as those more distant, the former of whom, I verily believe, would fight with a desperate purpose did they but understand they were striking blows for their own freedom. No school would be equal to the army, to teach the liberated slave a sense of self reliance and self-protection. Put arms in his hands, with an assurance of his having the ownership after the war, should he act his part well with them, then see if the tide of battle would so often turn against you for want of force. Assure him, including all colored men, of the same pay, rations, bounty, a piece of land off master’s plantation which will be forfeited to the Government—for remember, reader, the rebel slaveholders pretend to own all the land

south, cultivated or not—I say, assure them equal chances with white soldiers, and see then if you would not send dismay among all the rebel ranks and they help you mightily to carve the way to speedy victory and peace. Then will America have written out and rolled away the history of her shame. A glory lies in the lap of coming ages, of which the wildest enthusiast has never dreamed. C. ROBINSON.

A PLEA FOR EMANCIPATION.

Oct. 10, 1861.

[From the Orleans American.]

TO HIS HONOR, SECRETARY SEWARD: *Dear Sir*—Probably the Government does not rest under the delusion that the Slaveholders' Rebellion can be overcome and permanent peace established without removing the cause of it, which is slavery. The "irrepressible conflict," in some form, must and will go on "till we are wholly free or wholly slave." Doubtless the administration would choose the former. Why not, then, strike the blow while you have the power to secure it? It may be answered that the Executive convened Congress to get instructions, and feels bound by its action. Very well; but the law passed by it on the subject ties his hands in that direction, and the question now arises—shall he remain tied, at the peril of the country? Under the *war power*—as we commoners understand it, who have to fight the battles—"the President or the Generals in command can abolish slavery at any time when, in their opinion, the exigencies of the case demand it."

Supposing this law of Congress is found to be worse than no law. First, because it does circumscribe the action of the Government; second, because it offers a bribe to the slaves to enter the rebel ranks to fight us, that thereby they may become free, thus multiplying enemies. If, then, the law is found to be mischievous, exposing the country hourly to imminent peril for a hundred days before the Congress should again convene—before it could be repealed or modified and its defects obviated—what is the duty of the Government? To wait, at the extreme risk of having it

imperiled still more and more, or of being utterly subverted even? or would it not seem to be the duty of the Commander-in-Chief to take the responsibility—Gen. Jackson or Fremont fashion? *

Delays are dangerous. The golden moment might pass, perhaps never to return, before the hundred days are up. *A hundred days!* perhaps a portentous hundred days! The country trembling in the balance—a remorseless enemy tearing at its vitals. Exciting hundred days! Historic time! In that interval all may be lost! * * * *

Mr. Holt fears the result of sudden emancipation—more safely done by the force of authority than by brute force. Is the South still unconscious of the heaving volcano on which they stand? Assassins and incendiaries in every household, a million throats exposed to the knife of the former—a thousand cities and towns, three million bales of cotton, more or less, inviting the torch of the latter?

We are fighting the battles of the colored race in America, if not of the world. Solely on their account is this war waged. I have to ask the Government—why are they still left to stand idle spectators, both bond and free, while white mothers' sons are mustered to the conflict? Why are not *they* required—or invited, at least—to take a chance in the fray and help fight their own battles?

Why not invite the free colored men, both in the States and Canada, to muster into divisions into the service of the United States? Why not free the slaves, gather them by conscription into battalions, arm, train and lead them against their rebel masters? They are already on the ground, know the "lay of the land" better than troops from a distance, and would be no less effective when informed they were fighting for their own freedom.

While the rebels are doing the same against us, let them know that two can play at that game. Why is it that we do not begin to play back, when they are mustering not only the blacks, but the redskins against us? Nothing would take the starch out of secession like this. Break up the nest, destroy the last egg to hatch rebellion and treason. No doctor worthy his calling would undertake to cure a patient with the fever in him.

Has not the time of reckoning at length arrived? "Slowly

the hand had crawled along the dial-plate—slowly, as if the event would never come; and wrong trod tearful upon wrong; and oppression cried, and it seemed as if no ear heard its voice, till the measure of the circle was at length fulfilled; the finger touched the hour, and, as the strokes of the great hammer rang out above the nation, in an instant the mighty fabric of iniquity was shivered into ruins!”

Very truly, yours,

C. ROBINSON.

LETTER FROM FATHER ROBINSON TO THE PRESIDENT.

Dec. 3, 1861.

[From the Herald of Progress.]

ABRAHAM LINCOLN—*Honored Sir*: I appeal as an humble citizen once again to the Government to end this cruel war. It has the power under the Constitution, which the President, Cabinet, Congress, and Americans generally reverence so much—the letter, I fear, rather than the spirit. As many professed Christians worship the moral bible—the form rather than the spirit of it—the “golden rule,” Justice—so many Americans worship the form of the political bible, and the slaveholders’ interpretation of it, more than its essence—liberty and justice. For these only was it ordained. The fathers gave us a free, not a slave Constitution. They “forbade its recognition of property in man.” They gave us a Government for freedom, not slavery. * * * Had the provisions of the Constitution and its guarantees been faithfully enforced—freedom of speech, of the press, a republican form of government for every State in the Union—slavery would have long since gone to the wall!

I challenge the President, I challenge Senator Trumbull—who, too, is a Constitution-worshiper—any man, in Congress or out of it, anywhere to show, by the Constitution itself that the power over any part of slavery was ever “delegated to the United States by the States,” except the foreign slave trade, and that the United States disposed of by declaring it piracy. All else of slavery was “reserved to the States respectively, or to the people,” like all other

undelegated powers. The United States have no business with it aside from this—only to remove it when it becomes dangerous to public liberty and order—a public nuisance to be abated. That time has at length arrived. Its work was for freedom, not slavery, to establish—to guarantee a republican government to the whole family of States. Neither yourself nor predecessors have done it. One of your generals (Phelps) is right in this.

I undertake to say, further, that not only is there no law for slavery in the Constitution, but that there is no law whatever anywhere for it but the law of force, and, in the nature of things, it can live in no other element. * * *

You are sworn to support the Constitution; you are conscientious and tenacious. We, the people, have a right to require you to enforce its provisions. What if rebel slaveholders had the poor privilege of the three-fifths rule—of casting three votes where freemen might five—what then? Have they not refused—yea, disdained—to improve even that provision, discarding, too, all others? How many Congressmen are now from seceded States, under the Constitution? Take that instrument: what does treason consist in under it? Why, “levying war against the United States, and giving aid and comfort to its enemies.” Have the rebels not done that? What is the penalty for treason? Death! What rights, then, have they under the Constitution—which you are sworn to execute—but to dangle at the end of a rope? Let the Constitution interpret itself, and not adopt the interpretation of modern slaveholders. It is high time.

Let us have a definite policy from headquarters. Let us have the Government on the side of the Constitution—on the side of freedom, not slavery—joining hands with Jeff. Davis and his rebel crew. We have a right to expect it. We, the people, are paying more than a million dollars a day for this, thus far, worse than aimless war. Let us cast off our folly, and take issue with the traitors. Let it suffice for them to fight for slavery, while we fight a few battles for freedom. Most of the families all over the loyal States have more or less immediate or remote representatives in the Union army. We have there a son and three grandsons, at least. We claim a right to speak and demand a definite purpose of

the Government—the application of the best instrumentalities for the speedy close of the war. * * * *

The great American family are all “persons,” without distinction of color, condition or race; and persons collectively are people. Our colored population are a portion of the people in this government of the people. They were born and reared here, and by the bleaching process through the slavery mill, many regiments might be mustered into the service of the Union, as white as the proudest, high-nosed, white aristocrat, North or South. I have looked into slavery, and know what I affirm better than by hearsay.

The Government is as much bound to call on this portion of the people for recruits as any other—as on white mothers’ sons; yea, more. This war is waged on their account, and they ought to have a large share in it, and would have, but for the frowns of the slave power. Strike down this chief prop of the rebellion, and in an instant the mighty fabric of iniquity will crumble into ruins, and the rebellion with it.

In conclusion, let me say, that while I write, the angelic spirit of the Father of his Country whispers in my ear: “It is among my first wishes that some feasible plan may be devised whereby slavery might be abolished!” In the providence of God, in the progress of human events, and in the operation of natural laws, a practical “plan” for that great work has been “devised,” prepared at our hands. Will the Government employ it, and thus satisfy the “first wishes” of the great statesman and hero, lay a foundation for speedy and permanent peace, wipe out the history of our shame, and enter upon the career of glory that awaits us?

Very respectfully, your ob’t serv’t, C. ROBINSON.

THE DOOM OF SLAVERY.

July 7, 1862.

[From the Rochester Evening Express.]

EDITORS OF THE EXPRESS: “God has a controversy with the people,” for so long oppressing his weaker children.

Retributive justice is doing its thorough work. The door of deliverance for the bondmen is set ajar by the finger of Omnipotence, nor can mortal arm close it. Ye negro-haters, hate on as you will. If the country is saved, it will be saved greatly through the instrumentality of the saved—the liberated slave. However vulgar it may seem to the bloods of aristocracy, the country and they (the contrabands) will walk out at the same open door. We liberalists, whom you profess to despise with the same intensity as you do the “nigger,” have told you this from the beginning of the country’s struggle with treason. “Establish justice,” and rebellion dies. Proclaim liberty through the land, to all the inhabitants thereof, and you cut the jugular vein of secession.

The rebellion could not last a week without slavery and the help of the slaves—could not have been started without them. They are the base, the root, the element. Now don’t play boy in uniform any longer.

A volunteer from this village writes back from Weaversville, Va., that “the Holley company is gaining glory fast; we are guarding rebel property here while they fight us, and it takes two men to guard one hen, and three a cow!” (Perhaps this is contraband news.) * * *

Have we not played the fool long enough—paid three millions a day long enough—lost precious sons and brothers enough—protracted the war long enough—tried to suppress the rebellion with one hand, while upholding the cause of it with the other, long enough—protected rebel property and returned their slaves to them, while they fight us with desperate barbarity, long enough, to begin to do the right thing—to cripple the enemy where he lives; to insist that the doctors shall not dally with the patient longer, but administer at once the only curative, restorative remedy, before the old gentleman, Uncle Samuel, is clean dead!

Had we not better postpone further croaking about the *Constitution*, restoring the government as it was, till we know whether we have a country to govern?

That is my opinion, and I think I have a large majority of the voting, fighting and tax-paying people with me.

C. R.

WHY NOT USE BLACKS AS SOLDIERS?

July 25, 1862.

[From the Rochester Express.]

EDITORS OF THE EXPRESS: All the loyal North have been looking for a week past with intense anxiety to know what the President would do in relation to the late Confiscation Act and the law of Congress for calling forth the militia without reference to color, and now the order of the Commander-in-Chief is, to employ the people of African descent as "*laborers*!" That is well; and it appears to us that it might, with advantage, have been made sooner, if, indeed, the grand Army of the Potomac was doomed to dig, instead of fight its way to Richmond.

But we still inquire why, since the laws referred to empower the President to do so, these are not only allowed as laborers, but to meet the perils of the fight—to mount pickets for targets for rebel rifles—to bleed and die in a thousand horrid forms? Why are they better, their lives more precious than native or foreign-born white men—"white mothers' sons"? Why are they still treated so tenderly, with such shyness? We spring to respond to the call of the government for hundreds of thousands, and still for other hundreds of thousands, swelling the number to a million, to go down to mingle in the bedlam and heat of battles, and the severer heat and malaria of a southern sun—to melt away and perish; and they inquire, why are not the millions of loyal black men, already on the ground, already acclimated, mustered in, as at Port Royal, S. C., under Gen. Hunter, to share the perils of this bloody slaveholders' war, waged on their account? Why not made to help fight their own battles—their own way to freedom, as the slaves of all rebel slaveholders are expressly freed by law? Why not proclaimed free?—

C. R.

THE PRESIDENT'S POLICY.

Sept. 1, 1862.

[From the Orleans American.]

MESSRS. EDITORS: Were a number of the members of your family sick, you would call a physician. Well, he

comes, examines the patients, ascertains precisely what their disease is, knows positively the remedy that will cure—"will save." He turns to you blandly and says, "I shall not now administer the sure remedy; wait a little, while I doctor the symptoms, watch the pulse, give some nostrums that may check, maybe, part of the cause of derangement; but when all expletives fail, chills ensue, cold sweats begin, and I find nothing else will do to save the patient, I will apply the sovereign remedy."

Take another case. Yourself catch a fall, and break both arm and leg. You send for a surgeon; he arrives, and says to you, "I will relieve you of your great agony by setting the broken bones, and thus place you in a condition of recovery, when I find I cannot 'save' you without, and not before." Thus taunted and tantalized, what would you say? What would you pronounce these pretenders? You would pronounce them *quacks*, most emphatically and most righteously.

Precisely in this posture stands our family physician, Doctor Abraham, and the council of doctors he has drawn around him, as is more clearly shown than before, through the reply of the Executive to the late plea for "the millions," of Mr. Horace Greeley. * * *

Our national doctors are trying to save the patient with the fever in him. Jeff and his piratical crew are fighting for slavery, and we are doing the same. Steadying the ark of slavery—will not destroy it, only as a last resort. Was there ever quackery practiced on so gigantic a scale, and on so costly?

But, we ask, why are the loyal, patient people, thus tantalized? When will the Executive see the time to begin to strike off shackles, to haul out the under-pinning," to "save the Union" in the only way it can be saved? How long shall the northern hive continue to pour out its swarms of men and piles of means to suppress the rebellion, with one hand, while upholding the cause of it with the other?

* * * As well reach thy puny fingers to stay the belching craters of Etna, as to attempt to save the Union with slavery in it. Union should mean justice and freedom, for which it was ordained. Liberty and slavery are eternal antagonisms, and can never work nor live together in harmony.

As well undertake to assimilate gunpowder and fire, and expect them to keep quiet ; and how stupid a man would be, after the first experiment and explosion, to attempt to gather up the fragments, and try it again, to "save the Union as it was !" And this is about the position of President Lincoln and his cabinet of doctors ; and this leads me, in concluding, to cite the reader to another immutable principle : Like causes produce like results. C. ROBINSON.

POLITICAL TEMPERANCE ACTION.

Oct. 1, 1862.

[From the State League.]

With considerable reflection, and a familiar interchange of views with the editor of the *League*, Mr. Carson, I have come to the settled conclusion that anew and distinct organization for political election on the temperance question is absolutely necessary to insure the success of legal temperance—that neither of the existing parties, Republican or Democrat, can be relied upon. The former was, in its infancy, nearly free from the reprehensible practice of treating for votes—of employing liquor and its corrupting influences to carry elections ; but more recently has entered upon a rivalry in this practice with the Democratic faction.

I will give the reader a parallel, and we want no such experiences. The Whig party in its earlier career was quite anti-slavery ; so much so, that many anti-slavery people—Abolitionists, even—thought it might be made an instrument for the limitation of the aggressions of slavery—of the slave power—and its ultimate overthrow ; and how woeful was the disappointment, as the sequel has shown. It became, too, a rival of the Democratic party in its disgraceful pandering to slavery ; and not till the destruction of that party, and the formation of a purely anti-slavery organization—made up of the anti-slavery element of the dissolved party, joined by members from the Democratic of like views—was there any successful resistance made to the onward strides of the slave power, and right speedily and well has the Republican party fulfilled its great mission, hastened by the help of the conspirators themselves, who, Haman-like,

are dangling upon their own high gallows, their pet with them—"two thieves on the cross!"

They lifted the sword to cut the foundations of freedom, and they perish by the sword. Baptized in blood, while the "people" pass out through the red sea. So, as the "Liquor Dealers' Association" has entered the arena of party politics, to wage war upon all the best, the dearest, most cherished interests of society, let a temperance dispersary association be immediately formed to meet and beat them, and they, too, swing from the scaffold of their erection! Not wait for the action of any existing organization against the whisky power, to experience, likewise, delays and ultimate disappointment, having to do this same thing of separate organization for successful action at last, and for the one purpose of sweeping from the State, and finally from the country, that other sum of all villainies, intemperance! C. R.

INTEMPERANCE AND SLAVERY.

Nov., 1862.

[From the State League.]

"Devoted to the interests of temperance and freedom—an exterminator of dram-shops and slavery!" No publication need desire better and more significant mottoes than these, to introduce it to the favor and patronage of all well wishers of the race. These few words, placed at the head of the State League, grasp gigantic forces. Slavery and intemperance, our great national and social iniquities, are nearer related than second cousins—are twin brothers—brother villains, both inwrought with the same spirit of lawless violence, trampling under foot all laws, human and divine, substituting brute force for civil compacts.

Slaveholders and their allies make great pretensions to "law and order," and clamor lustily for the Constitution, observance and enforcement of the laws, and then violate them with unscrupulous impunity when standing opposed to the spread and perpetuity of their pet institution. Instance the overthrow of the Missouri Compact.

Rumsellers and their dupes do the same thing. There never was a law on the statute book in this State, either for

license or prohibitory, but which they violated and defied with unscrupulous impunity.

Then, again, the slave-owner and his creeping crew howl on the track of the Abolitionists, they are the ones that brought all this dire calamity and woe upon the country, so raise a dust for the old dragon to escape in. So with rum-sellers and rum-suckers, it is the fanatics—the prohibitionists who have made all the trouble, as though the liquor business was not at the bottom of the whole iniquity. Say they, away with your Maine Law! give us a license law! and they got it. Nor will they obey any law relative to intoxicating drinks; on this point they are outlaws.

One more parallel. Slavery is on its last legs—is about to die by the accumulating weight of its own inherent wickedness. It has, in its grasping struggles, overdone itself. So this combination of mischief—linked together under the title of the Liquor Dealers' Association, to pour out more copious showers of liquid death through all society, will turn inwards and consume itself, by the help of God and sober men and women. The Democratic party has hitherto been a faithful, patient pack-horse, to convey these two twin devils, and steady them in power; but the ailments of Belshazzar have entered its joints—it cannot much longer stagger under the terrible burden, though there is a great mixture of India rubber in that party; but by the weight of these, its outside burdens and inside accumulated rottenness, it must soon drop to pieces. * * * *

Having been a soldier of the temperance army from the first, and perhaps the first in the State in 1830, through the *Orleans American*, to suggest a prohibitory law, and having been an intense observer, as well as fighter, through all the long and arduous temperance campaigns against the arch enemy, I propose to write for the *League* a few brief sketches of past experiences and thoughts, wherein I think the cause has been impeded, and suggestions of amendments for a future course of operations; and I would repeat right here, and in conclusion of this rather wearisome letter, that I think the Carson League quite an improvement on all the former plans for advancing the cause of temperance, and for the final “extermination of the grog-shops!”

“ A GOOD MORAL CHARACTER.”

Dec. 15, 1862.

[From the State League.]

This stereotyped phrase has been applied to a dram-dealer as long as the license system has existed; yet the same anomaly, the same contradiction in terms—the perversion of terms—exists. This is a condition required in all license laws, and, if adhered to, licenses to deal in damnation in the drunkard's drink would never be known. No judge to appoint a board; no excise commissioners, no twenty freeholders to sign a petition for a person to be licensed, would so stultify themselves, if they were doing any other business but the business of King Alcohol, as to recommend any person as of good moral character, “ who will place the bottle to his neighbor's lips,” who will deal in an article the effect of which is brimful of immorality—of crimes of every grade. No man of good moral character would propose to go into such a business. The very proposal shows his rotten-heartedness, his utter indifference to the good of his neighbors, to the moral tone of society, the best interests of mankind. Has not the State bolstered up this rottenness long enough; indorsed this inconsistency long enough; backed these spoilers by such indorsement too long, by lending them a name—officially, too—which they do not merit? Nor can they while in such immoral business. If they would live up to the laws made for their guidance, as men in all other pursuits do, it might be some mitigation of their case; but evidence is piled mountains high that there is no set of men—counterfeiters, thieves, burglars, or any sort of rascals—who so wantonly, recklessly and contemptuously violate laws relative to their business as the “ liquor dealers.” How absurd that State laws should indorse the character of such, and thereby force community to stand in relation to these moral lepers as good moral characters!

One of our best lawyers in Albion (our county-seat) suggested to the writer, the other day, that the law would be much more effective by giving half the fines to complainants. In that case, he said, a good many of the more inveterate and consequently poorer toppers would complain

for violations, to obtain means with which to buy more liquor—thus making the drunkard-factory run itself. That is a good thought. And I propose to repeal all laws, customs, transactions and usages that indorse a rumseller as a person of “good moral character,” so as never more to repeat that stupendous lie!

LETTER TO GOVERNOR SEYMOUR.

Dec., 1862.

DEAR SIR: Being one of your constituents, I take the liberty to address you—perhaps more familiarly than otherwise would seem proper. Let me say, then, that I think you are acting quite wide of the duties of an already elected chief magistrate of the State, in circulating about in different places and delivering harangues to the people. You were not elected for that object. It is reported that President Lincoln called your attention recently to this subject, by way of a reminder that your duties to the country demand and ought to receive support in preference to party. Whether the President said it or not, this is my view of the case.

Nor have you an honest right, even if this speech-making is a proper business, for a chosen Governor to speak of the result of the election which placed him there—as you did at Rome, on the 15th of November. On that occasion you are reported to have said: “Where the people have been called upon to vote they have come up calmly, quietly, but resolutely, and have reëstablished and re-affirmed the Constitution of the United States. My friends, you rejoice because those results have secured the sacredness of your homes, the sanctity of your persons, and of all those great rights which are embalmed in the Constitution.” *Re-established and re-affirmed!* Who is, or what class of citizens is aimed at here as subverting the Constitution? And, on the other hand, who of these “my friends,” as you term them, are conservators of that instrument for which there is so much professed reverence? We will offer a specimen or two, and see whether the class of persons, your friends, whom you very faithfully represent, would be more likely

to preserve and observe the Constitution, the laws, and perpetuate constitutional national liberty, than the other large class of citizens, although their elected Governor, but whom, nevertheless, you do not represent.

In the police book exhibit, as published in the *New York Tribune* of November 22d, in 39 election districts in that city, wherein there were 2,743 groggeries, 279 notorious brothels, 170 places whereto thieves and ruffians habitually resort, 105 policy shops, with gambling dens and dance houses to match, and among these Front Street and Five Pointer class, Wadsworth received 1,681 votes, Seymour, 12,664—10,983 majority—more than your entire majority in the State. This looks to me a rather scaly material wherewith to establish a broken-down constitutional government, or to perpetuate one already established. How does it appear to you? Intelligence and virtue, it was said by the old apostle of democracy, is the only sure foundation for representative governments. Does this look like true democracy? The elective franchise is the head of our unequaled and unparalleled government, as you term it. Now, if the head becomes so corrupt and rotten, how long will the body endure?

It may be replied that the party you represent are not all like this tit-bit. Very well; we admit it. You are supported by a good many respectable people—nevertheless, it looks suspicious. It is most truly said that a man is known by the company he keeps; so with a body of men.

Sir, let me say to you, that you are supported, as ever, by the temperance veto, more than half a decade of years ago, by the same class of people—foreigners—who love liquor as their mothers' milk, consequently join the Whisky Democracy—liquor-sellers and liquor-drinkers, and the rum influence generally, and you are indebted to that influence for the triumph of the party you represent, more than to any other one instrumentality. Money, slavery and whisky form the political trinity of sham Democracy—the latter the strongest of the three.

GOV. SEYMOUR AND THE DEMOCRACY.

Jan. 10, 1863.

[From the Orleans American.]

MESSRS. EDITORS: Your cotemporary across the way is rather disturbed about the "torrent of abuse of Mr. C. Robinson on Gov. Seymour and the Democracy," and jogs the *American* for its slight indorsement of the recent letter of said Robinson to the Governor elect. Now I crave a few squares in the *American* for a familiar talk with friend Beach, as a public Democratic journalist, about this matter.

* * * Do you deny that "money, slavery and whisky is the political trinity of sham Democracy—the latter the strongest"? Then take my arm and go with me the rounds of the thirty or forty whisky-stalls in Albion, many of them, like as not, in a hole in the ground. Open the door, be brave now; you may at first be saluted with mixed odors, such as one might expect to encounter on entering a burrow of pole-cats. Never mind, proceed, and what do you find in these dens? Who are those loafers, idlers, rowdies, tavern-haunters, beer-guzzlers, whisky-suckers, cigar-puffers, vermilion-nosed walking pickles? Are they anybody but Democrats? And who are standing behind the bar, dealing out the double-distilled damnation? Are they not good Democrats, too? If anybody else has stumbled in there, unless by mere accident or on urgent business, let him stay; he has found his company, his level, his feather! Yes, sir, these are all, or chiefly, Democrats, native or foreign, and will vote every time, and no mistake, the good Democratic ticket. And mind you this, an examination will hold good through the State, clean down to the Five Point grog-shops and brothels, where Seymour "saved his bacon," turned the State, which had sent down there twenty-two thousand Republican majority, eleven hundred of it from this county, to be overcome by gamblers, blacklegs, drunkards, thieves and robbers, and was so overcome, to enable Governor Seymour officially to spread himself, and pitch into the Administration and its policy—into *his own Government*—and give aid and comfort to Jeff. Davis and his traitorous crew. Is anybody disappointed? His antecedents show he would do just this.

In his Message, "Constitution" is repeated forty times, while the word "Institution" once expressed would have explained all that is meant by it in the sense he uses it. * * *

On the third Tuesday of May, 1846, the people of the State, excepting New York city, voted by towns and wards on the question of license, or no license. Every town in this county voted no, except Clarendon, which gave fifteen majority for license. Majority in the county, 1108; very near the figure of its last vote against Seymour. Your own town of Barre gave 309 of it, and the State gave a majority of 65,799 against license. Taking courage from this very popular vote, temperance men, with the veteran Edwin C. Delevan in the *van*, who expended for the cause what would be considered a fortune for any common man, from that time forward went in, and labored incessantly for a prohibitory law, so as to stay, if possible, the tide of death and destruction that was sweeping through the land by the liquor traffic, and after eight years of incessant labor, succeeded; and what followed? Horatio Seymour, then Governor, *vetoed the bill!* thus undoing the great work, and extinguishing, at a stroke of the pen, the last glimmering hope of the fifty thousand drunkards' wives in the State—worse than widowed mothers, "sitting in the valley and shadow of death!" Why should not rum-sellers and rum-suckers trust and support him? "Horatio Seymour was *unanimously* indorsed for Governor, and D. R. Floyd Jones for Lieutenant-Governor." Thus reads the report of the proceedings of the "Liquor Dealers' State Convention," held at Syracuse on 30th of September last.

Jan. 20, 1863.

[From the Orleans American.]

MR. EDITOR: The following low squib appeared in the *Union and Advertiser* about the time of the *Orleans Republican's* on C. R., for heaping such "torrents of abuse on Gov. Seymour and the Democracy." You kindly surrendered a space in the *American* for a chat with friend Beach, and now I wish, through the same medium, to pay my compliments to Butts, of the Rochester paper:

"TALKING TO GOV. SEYMOUR.—A man, who signs himself C. Robinson, and hails from Holley, has addressed a long letter to Gov. Seymour, through the Republican organ at Albion, in which he tells the Governor what he should and what he should not do. He (Robinson) thinks the Governor has no right to make speeches. If the Governor should hear *that* he would never speak again. Robinson didn't exactly say it, but no doubt believes that the Abolition party ought to have run him for Governor instead of Wadsworth. It is lucky for Seymour and the rest of the white people that the mistake was made."

I do not profess to be very flippant in irony, but had rather deal in solid facts. I believe that ours is a government of the people, and its officers their servants, and that the humblest citizen may address the highest functionary by word or letter as though he held no office, and was but a private individual like one's self, and with the courtesy due to and graduated by merit or demerit. Believing in this principle of freedom, I have ventured to address quite a number of letters, during the war, to different government agents—to Gov. Seward more than any other.

I am no prophet or prophet's son, but I have been looking steadily for years at the inevitable tendency of things—at the laws of correspondences and compensation—the laws of cause and effect—namely: that freedom and slavery were working out each its own results, side by side; the one civilization and progress, the other sensuality, barbarism and decay; that the two are eternal antagonists; the one naturally expansive, the other aggressive by violence; that work and wages is the true, natural relation between labor and capital, and slavery a forced relation; that "the laborer is worthy of his hire;" and that the country was irresistibly drifting to the conclusion that slavery must perish peaceably by paying wages for labor done, or go out in blood.

I saw, as everybody did, that the slave power consisted not in the handful of a quarter of a million slaveholding oligarchs, with their slaves and "white trash," even could they all be combined on their side, but likewise of a large force at the North; and the Democratic party, being part and parcel of the slave power, was most naturally relied upon in their treasonable designs of subverting a government they could no longer control, and the architects of ruin were not disappointed. The Democracy have proved true to their instincts. Why should they not? They are battling for their own adopted bantling. They have done

more than "hold the garments" of the oppressor. "Giving consent" in time of peace, they have helped carry their bastard bantling into Texas, New Mexico, made attempts on California, and lastly on Kansas, and that culminated in war—not exactly a slaveholders', as has often been stated, but a war of the slave power North and South—a war of the Democracy, so-called—the rule-or-ruin party North and South—the latter in arms against the Government, the former embarrassing its movements in the "life and death struggle."

Let me now return more particularly to the subject of talking to Gov. Seymour and other Governors. On the 12th of February, 1861, I wrote private letters to Hon. Preston H. King and Gov. Seward, predicting precisely what has occurred: that, in case of war with the slave power, the Democracy of the North would act with the slaveholders in war as they had in peace, thus measurably neutralizing the strength of the Free States. Is not this true? Have they not divided, and are they not still dividing the North, giving aid and comfort, by word and action, to their brother traitors in arms? And now, when the rebels are pushed to the desperate straits, as disclosed by their intercepted dispatches to Mason and Slidell—of inducing immediate foreign intervention, or a division of the loyal States, or of losing the Confederacy—with what a will their northern sympathizers accept and act upon this new, desperate and treasonable scheme.

The laws of life and health can no more be violated with impunity by a people than by an individual; hence, whatsoever a man or a nation soweth, that shall they also reap. "If they sow to the wind, they shall reap the whirlwind." No individual or nation can be cured of a disturbance or disease without removing the cause; hence, I had a plan of a remedy for rebellion of my own, and, without claiming the least merit, in any direction, of exerting any weight, nevertheless, I pressed the plan upon the attention of Governor Morgan, Mr. Greeley, Secretaries Seward, Cameron, Stanton, and Congressmen Sumner, Trumbull, Preston King, Salisbury, Davis, Owen Lovejoy, Burt Van Horn, and President Lincoln. It was to knock out the under-pinning, strike at the root of the rebellion, cripple the enemy where

it will hurt him worst, where weakest—free the slaves, muster all you can reach of the free colored in the States or Canada into the service of the Union, take in the freedmen by conscription, arm, train, and turn them against their rebel masters; they were on the ground, inured to toil and hardships, acclimated, costing less to enlist, muster, pay, feed, and clothe them; let them fight their way to freedom while the “army and navy” should see to it that they had fair play; thus save the lives of hundreds of thousands of precious white mothers’ sons. And now, after two years fighting and sacrifice—in the meantime the rebellion has been more thoroughly organized, both at home and in Europe—we are just entering upon the scheme.

A few words more in conclusion, to the *Union*, and to the Seymour democracy of the State. The *Union* is quite a neat looking paper, appears well outside, but within is “full of dead men’s bones;” for Seymour was dug up from the political mummy-pits of the dead past, having run on the rum issue in 1854, the year of his famous veto of the prohibitory law, and was defeated, after a most desperate canvass by the Whig and Temperance candidate, Myron H. Clark; but now has been elected on the strength of money, slavery and rum. Many of his supporters are justly ranked with the Tories of the Revolution, and the Hartford Conventionists of 1812; more reprehensible than the former, for they had some excuse—had a tolerable government already under the king—the struggle for a better was an experiment, whereas these have the better one already established. This they are now ready to overthrow, many of them ignorantly, I hope. For do you not know that we are all aboard the same ship, and if she founders, your chances may be no better than ours? Let me close by repeating what I said to a group of democrats here, on the breaking out of the war: “*Let the love of party be swallowed up and forgotten by the love of country.*” C. ROBINSON.

THE SHAM DEMOCRACY.

Jan. 30, 1863.

[From the Orleans American.]

In my last it was placed in its true position as part and parcel of the slave power of the nation; co-operators and workers, North as well as South—non-slaveholding democrats, everywhere, who still adhere to the party, as well as slaveholders—the rule-or-ruin party, who, not able longer to control the government, attempt by force and arms to subvert it. I showed that before the war of the slave power broke out into open hostilities, the democracy of the South could accomplish but little toward extending and perpetuating slavery, without the aid and comfort of its Northern allies; that in this way, by this strength and support, they clutched Texas, New Mexico, and it might be added Florida, grabbed at California and Kansas—which last attempt culminated in civil war; and that the Northern wing of the democracy adhere to the Southern portion of the party, now, in a state of war, the same as before, giving aid and comfort.

I now propose to descend more to detail in that memorable, never to be forgotten struggle between Border Ruffian Democracy and the Free State men, and the final signal triumph of the latter, and show the hand-writing on the wall, slavery weighed in the balances of eternal justice and found wanting; show that then and there it made its last fatal grasp on free soil on this continent—the beginning of the end of slavery, in blood! A child may hold two apples in its hand, but letting go to grasp more, it loses all. * * *

God be praised! they could not fasten the hideous monster, the sum and essence of all villainy, on the virgin soil of Kansas. The little handful of Free State men, nerved by the eternal principles of justice, stood steady and unwavering, as the needle to the pole, and came out of the conflict of fearful odds triumphant, though Douglas declared, “we will subdue you!” yet there she stands, in her morning glory, a beacon to those engaged on a more extended scale; and who will falter now, with that bright example before them? Battling, and finally successful, against the

whole power of the Federal Government, and now all this is reversed, the weight of the government is for *freedom to all!*

Let every Union and Liberty loving man and woman buckle on the armor anew, talk, write, vote, and fight for final victory! The enemy is struggling in the "*last ditch*," from which he never will recover, but will sink to ultimate infamy and disgrace!

Modern Democracy has proved false to true Democracy—false to liberty, humanity and justice—false to our country, now in her extreme peril, and false to God! true only to "our party," to border-ruffian-filibustering copperhead Democracy or rather *demoni-ocracy*, or *mob-ocracy*.

"God has stood by us in six troubles; nor in the seventh will he forsake us." So then let us press on to final triumph.

C. ROBINSON.

A DEMOCRATIC VICTORY.

March 10, 1863.

[From the Orleans American.]

MR. EDITOR: I wish to have announced through your columns our *splendid Red Corn, Democratic victory at the Corporation Election, on Tuesday, 3d March inst., at Holly—fifty-five majority among a voting population of about two hundred.*

The election was not contested by the Black Republicans, and so we Whisky Democrats had it all our own way; hence the victory as above. Notwithstanding we had one temperance man, and one church member (Presbyterian) on the ticket for Trustees, still, having the biggest rum-seller in town at the head of the ticket, enough to *pickle* it and secure the votes of the *suckers*, domestic and foreign, we carried the election high and dry! (save the mark, not very *dry*, however *high*!) by the above crushing majority. All the rest of the ticket were natural copperheads.

A VOTER.

REBELLION THE OFFSPRING OF SLAVERY AND THE "DEMOCRACY."

Feb. 21. 1863.

[From the Orleans American.]

John C. Calhoun, that arch-disturber, was its godfather. He found himself once mistaken. The tariff, he said, (after trying it,) was not the right basis to operate upon for the dismemberment of the Union. Slavery was the platform on which the South would be united and the North divided—the Democratic, the party to be relied upon to aid the South when the time should come for separation of the Free and Slave States. And his foresight was prophetic, for in relation to the Democratic party, had he been writing history, he could not have hit the mark better. * * *

The two wings of the party—or three, whichever you will—have most lovingly embraced each other, and are now plotting a way to use the slave still more—to employ him for political capital a little longer—to make a little more out of him.

This breach in the copperhead party—not the abolitionists—was the immediate cause of the war. But more distant and deeper down lies the true cause of the eruption. It had a remoter cause, and now see the effect. Its seed has lain in the organic structure of the Government from its beginning, and has been festering in its vital forces till it has broken out, ripened into revolution, and consequently liberty and slavery cannot longer work together on this continent—one or the other, in this death struggle, must go under. This is not a war for the "*nigger*," to free him, but his freedom is so interwoven with the salvation of the Government that it cannot be saved without; nor can the freedom of white men be preserved without—involving not only liberty here, but the liberties of the struggling millions everywhere. This is a war of the slave power of the Republic on the free labor power of the Republic; the one has the other by the throat—shall the latter be strangled? Nay, nay!—no, never! The former must be swept from the continent. It is making a terrible dying struggle. The Southern branch battling in front, and the copperhead allies hissing in the rear!

THE SLAVE DEMOCRACY MAKING ITS OWN HISTORY.

Feb. 25, 1863.

[From the Orleans American.]

And I suppose, Mr. Editor, any person may write it, past or present, and predict its future. I have done something at both, and now attempt more. They prate always lustily for the Constitution, and violate it recklessly with the same breath. Freedom of speech and of the press never did and never can exist where slavery does. Fourteen printing presses have been destroyed by slaveocratic mobs, beginning with Elijah P. Lovejoy's in the fall of 1837, all in the interest of slavery, and against the freedom guaranteed by the Constitution. Lovejoy was a martyr to the same interest. Scourgings, lynchings, torturings, murderings, theft and robbery have marked its history, both of black slaves and white freemen, from the North as well as South. Citizens from New York in particular, for being such, (no other offense,) who happened to be caught in slavedom, more especially in cottondom—particularly in Georgia—have been thus outraged, and these outrages were committed before the present war was levied. Slavery is a perpetual war on all human rights; the worst state of things exists always under its iron sway, and less security than under an arbitrary government; for then the subject would know by some fixed rule what he could and what he could not do, speak and write. But under this slave oligarchy the citizen is subject at all times and at any moment to the whim and caprice of an infuriated mob. These isolated mobs have at length combined in an organized form, and taken to itself the name of a government, for the overthrow of constitutional liberty.

I say all these bloody barbarisms, and much more, have been committed in the interest of slavery by the "Democracy." But it is a long road that has no turn—a wind that never shifts. Tension may be wrought to too high a point to hold. Look out, then, for a recoil. Sow to the wind, and you are sure to reap the whirlwind. Violence will, sooner or later, "return to plague the inventors." The tide is turning at last. Forbearance has ceased to be a virtue.

* * * Our family is numerously represented in the Union army and navy. Still they go. One little fellow, scarcely five feet high, nor 18 years of age, took it into his young head a few weeks ago that he must enlist, and did enlist, two weeks since, under Capt. Gardner, of Byron, N. Y. Before enlisting, he was asked by a member of the family what he wanted to enlist for. The prompt reply was, "*I want to shoot a rebel!*" He could do that handily without going to Dixie.

I have known churches closed by Democratic, negro-hating trustees, against meetings intended for appeals to the benevolence of the people for God's suffering poor, who had "fallen amongst thieves," and worked for nothing all their weary years, and now, just emerging from their long night of bondage, without a penny in their pocket, a mouthful to eat, and hardly clothing to cover their nakedness. And these trustees were church members. Such a case occurred in this village. The meeting was appointed for the 18th Feb. inst., and had to be held at the old stone school-house; and notwithstanding there was a good deal of negro-hating rowdyism manifested both inside and outside the house, Mr. Coon and his dark associate acquitted themselves well.

This colored man, Charlie Walker, as he claimed his name to be, made quite a favorable impression, even among some of the copperheads—as though he really belonged to the humans. Being one of the first of the contrabands liberated by Gen. Butler, consequently only about two years out of chatteldom, he has become quite a power. I am told by all the committees who have been gathering up cast-off clothing, books, money, &c., for the "contrabands," with scarce an exception, no Democrat contributed, but almost invariably refused to do so; notwithstanding, a large pile of clothing and some money have been gathered up in this town and vicinity. Take another and closing specimen of the spirit of pro-slavery Democracy:

The people of Kansas, after fighting their way to freedom, in spite of the efforts of two Democratic administrations to the contrary, were smitten with famine, and would have been left to starve and die for all the Democrats would do for them. How they looked daggers, pouted at them, and

mocked at their calamity, all because freedom triumphed there instead of slavery. This is its spirit, and Democracy has thoroughly and hopelessly imbibed it.

But when slavery dieth, slave Democracy will die with it; and the day of their dissolution draweth near. Let the loving twain be buried away in the pit of everlasting infamy they themselves have dug. Then let the nations shout and sing hosannahs, saying—"Glory to God in the highest! On earth, peace and good will to men!" C. ROBINSON.

ARGUMENT vs. SCURRILITY.

MR. EDITOR: The *Orleans Republican*, of 18th March, inst., contains a low, scurrilous diatribe against "C. Robinson," dated "Bergen," and signed, "Inquirer." Now, if anybody wants to say anything to me through the press, or about me, concerning the great question of Freedom *versus* Slavery, which two systems are now agitating the country with desolating civil war, let him come out like a man, if he has any manhood, in his own proper name, and support and defend the system of human chattelhood as best he can. This is *the* question in hand now. C. ROBINSON.

LETTER TO THURLOW WEED.

March 21, 1863.

[From the State League.]

"Our Government and Union, if dependent on party, will surely perish!"—THURLOW WEED to HORACE GREELEY.

MR. WEED—DEAR SIR: You have read, written and studied much, for you have been at it, it must be, a long lifetime now. When I saw you during the "Morgan and Mason excitement," I judged you to be about my age, and I am now over three score and ten. But when you, with all this long experience, penned the above sentence, you would have spoken less confidently had you had an eye to the records of the past. The Revolution was "dependent" on the Whig Party, and it succeeded in spite of the powerful Tory and Cow-boy Party. Nor did the "Government and

Union perish" in the struggle for maritime and commercial rights of 1812. The Jeffersonian, not the Calhoun Democracy, carried the country safely and triumphantly through that crisis, in the face of all the treasonable discouragements by the Hartford Convention Blue Light Federalists.

So in our present struggle. May not a doubt be entertained of the correctness of your positions, notwithstanding the influence of the pro-slavery party, the ranks of which you have finally snugly entered, and to which you have long been gravitating; the party which is so intensely fighting the administration of Mr. Lincoln, and giving its moral and political, if not material and martial weight, to that of Jefferson Davis—contending precisely for the same thing as the latter, the life of slavery, which is the life of the rebellion; in the Union if they can, out of it if they must?

Here, Mr. Weed, is exactly where your party stands: yourself at any rate. You advocate the Crittenden Compromise, that would secure slavery, the arch-disturber, in the Union. You are there yet, as I understand it, and more. With all your professions of union in the letter to Mr. Greeley, of which the heading of this is an extract, it is easy enough seen that you distrust the ability of the administration, with all the extraordinary powers conferred upon it by Congress, to quell the rebellion.

Yes, sir, you might as well say squarely what you did covertly, that the people ought to resist the operations of the government, sneering at the idea of negro troops, &c.; for, Mr. Weed, you are wise enough to know that opposition to the Administration is opposition to the Government.

Now I repeat with all the opposing forces, the noxious Weeds, gone to seed, palmetto rattle-snakes, or copperheads, or treason, bold or lurking, the "Government and Union" may be saved, not "surely perish," though the struggle may be fearfully prolonged by these factions and opposing forces, as was doubtless the case in the two former examples from like causes. May there not be some hope of it, even should Thurlow and Horace continue their persistent and not very loving family feuds?

If yourself and new-found partisans want to help save the Government, Liberty and Union, come up and support the

Administration in a vigorous and resolute prosecution of the war, the only way to save them.

Nay, more, begin to do justice to the despised race, born among you, by enforcing the freedom policy of the government, placing arms in the hands of the freed men, to help fight the battles of the Union, and their own way to liberty, or your boasted Republican Government will "surely perish!" then will be witnessed the introduction of general anarchy and confusion!

C. ROBINSON.

GEN. THOMAS ON ARMING NEGROES.

[From the Orleans American.]

MESSRS. EDITORS: I ask the insertion in the *American* of the recent speech of Gen. Thomas, as an answer to some strictures which recently appeared in the paper criticising the radical and "extreme views of C. Robinson." It is a far better answer to all such critics than anything I could present. It comes from high authority—no less than the head of the nation, the Commander-in-Chief of the Army and Navy of the United States, through a subaltern.

Though a private citizen, yet I have been in no mean, and at length no "unpopular" work as a radical. From the beginning of the war, I have urged, with what little force I could command, general emancipation as a war measure—arm, train and lead the freedmen against their rebel masters, and thus save the lives of thousands of white mothers' sons. They were on the ground, acclimated, inured to hardships, more readily mustered, if not more easily, cheaper fed and paid, would not run away with the bounty money, could be had without any.

That no school like the military would give them a sense of self-confidence and self-protection—let them help fight their own battles to freedom, which they seemed anxious and waiting to do—help subdue the rebellion and repel any foreign attack that might be made upon us.

Besides, the moral tendency of this policy on the rebels themselves would be to remove at once both the motive for the war and the power to prosecute it.

Now behold, ye people of the great republic, especially pro-slavery Democrats and rebel sympathizers, look and

learn! Cast away your partisan spirit, your negro-hating, your sympathy with treachery and treason; imbibe the principles of patriotism, and more of the spirit of true Christianity, and prepare for the new order of things!

This grand revolution goes slow, yet sure; though "wrong is heaped upon wrong, and oppression cries as though the event would never come, the mighty fabric of iniquity will be shivered into ruins!" C. R.

THE CHURCH AND REFORM.

May 8, 1863.

Why is-it that this powerful instrumentality, the Church, has not done the great work—has not put an end to the slave power and the rum power, nor prevented the increase of them? Why has the temperance cause and the interest of the chattel slaves—the anti-slavery cause—been left to outsiders and individual church-members—to temperance societies and anti-slavery societies outside of the Church, to sometimes prosper, then again languish for want of support—moral, political, or pecuniary, perhaps from all of them? And this brings me to answer my own original interrogation; and if the answer is not a correct one, let any priest, deacon or layman, correct me.

Exactly the reverse of the statement of my opponent is true. It is, that the united influence of the Church is *not* against these evils—intemperance and slavery—that they are not overturned. It is the "irrepressible conflict, in the Church, between opposing and enduring forces!" That is it. Members that would do, cannot, because those that won't do will not! So, between these two enduring, ever-present forces, the interests of reform and progress are neutralized, "to keep peace in Zion." A single example: Some years ago, when I belonged to a Baptist Church, then quite prosperous, we passed a resolution, unanimously, in the identical words of the old temperance pledge. One leading, influential member, a deacon, was absent at the time. Finding out what had been done, he got a few members to join him, and raised a breeze, denounced the measure as unbiblical, and continued the disturbance till we had

to rescind the temperance resolution to restore harmony in the Church.

Was it anything but this conflict of opinion that prevented Dr. Cheever from uniting his church against slavery? No! Perhaps Henry Ward Beecher's church is somewhat less afflicted with these opposing forces, but they have done but little to cleanse the great gushing pro-slavery and rum fountain-head. They want help from the others.

Why, sirs, the Protestant portion of the Church is full of the most inveterate, negro-hating Democrats! Even you may hear copperheads hiss right in meeting; sometimes, at any rate, some brother will stride out of the meeting-house on double-quick, should the minister say a word in favor of some of God's children, should they happen to be a little colored. So a bogus Democratic church member is apt to be quite indifferent to the temperance cause as well; there is a good deal of Democratic capital in still-slop. Everybody knows that. Don't let Republicans, or anybody else, try to make political capital in that direction; that ground is all monopolized!

Again: the Protestant Church North is thus divided; not so South. There, it is a unit in favor of slavery, and we might as well look for whales up the North river as temperance men or a temperance society there. Priests and people universally hold that the Bible sanctions slavery; that a "new revelation from heaven must be had to warrant opposition to it." Hence, the rebels fight with the religious desperation characteristic of all "holy wars."

For information on this point, the reader is referred to the book written by that fearless woman writer, entitled, "*Key to Uncle Tom's Cabin.*"

Now, what shall be said of the Catholic portion of the Church? Stronger than all Christendom besides—though less powerful in the United States, yet holding the balance of power many times in elections—on the whole, the most overshadowing of any religious organization, perhaps, in the world—none but the Buddhists as numerous—composed of no less a number than two hundred and forty millions, Greek and Roman—four times as many as in all the Protestant divisions, their bishops and priests having almost unlimited sway over its members. What shall we say of that? In

what relation does it stand to these two great evils ? In relation to temperance, notwithstanding the great and said to be successful efforts of Father Matthew, one is surprised to see the Catholics, especially from Ireland, where his labors were expended, so almost universally addicted to strong drink, and consequently opposed to the temperance cause itself, and, of course, pro-slavery Democrats. And, instead of our professed Christian people, on their approaching our shores, taking them by the hand and striving to lift them to a higher and nobler life, degrade them still lower, by stuffing them brimful of bad whisky and sham Democracy ; thus polluting the ballot-box and corrupting the fountain of power, the elective franchise.

I do not pretend to say here that Protestant church-members do this, but I do mean to say that I have reason to believe that a good many of them stand and "hold the garments," while the politicians in "our party" do it.

It appears to me that if Bishop Hughes and the Catholic clergy generally, as well as our own, would cordially and resolutely put their foot down against this state of things, a great change for the better would soon be discoverable. In a word, if they would pay more attention to the welfare of men in this life, and let the next take care of itself more, the world would be the better for it.

I will close with my brother's closing words, only changing the application :

"Whenever you resign your cause into the hands of infidel reformers," whenever such hands are foremost in pushing forward moral reforms, "then the finger of God will write *Ichabod* upon the " Church !

U. ROBINSON.

THE WHISKY REBELLION AGAIN.

Oct. 3, 1863.

[From the State League]

Nor is it confined to Holley alone. But for strong drink to inflame the passions of desperate men and women, no such fearful riots as those of New York, Detroit and other places, —copperhead demonstrations in favor of the Slaveholders' Rebellion, would not have to be recorded to disgrace the American annals !

Now, Mr. Editor, I desire to inquire whether the late Union nominations for State officers, at Syracuse, are such as temperance men can consistently support? If so, I see no good reason why the *League* may not be an efficient campaign paper. It would, at any rate, by opposing the copperhead nominations, be doing its legitimate work, fighting intemperance, and that too in a direction which is more ruinous to public morals and political liberty than in any other; for the Liquor power, as well as the Slave power, is monopolized by modern democracy. They are all one. They could not carry a single election, local or general, without them!

I see that the "liquor dealers" are on hand again to do service for the whisky copperhead ticket—in the right company, and everybody is known by *that* he keeps. Already the dram cribs are being opened for the fall campaign, and the hybrid animals toled in; and, as Brownson says in his *Review*, the Democratic party would dwindle at once "to a corporal's guard," but for the Irish Catholics who join and support it; and, he might add, who love whisky as their mothers' milk, and know little of civil and religious liberty—and nothing is so potent with this indispensable portion of the party as the "o-be-joyful!"

One thing I believe is settled, *i. e.*, that Lucius Robinson's nomination as Comptroller is one eminently fit to be made. There seems to be but one objection: *He is an honest man—won't steal!* So I infer that he is temperance, also. Few persons can be honest and not be temperate.

Our neighbor, Church, is just as fit a nominee on the other side, "a slippery politician; always nibbling at the public crib, especially when comptroller—it's handy then—can go from Albany to Albion and back, and never leave the city—can thrust his fingers, Colonel Crockett fashion, deeper down into treasury pap, stay under longer, bring up more, and come out dryer, than any other live man! Just the candidate for the copperhead tail of the secession kite. They wouldn't have a man that hadn't the true Floyd trait in him.

Friend Church would, doubtless, preach temperance, like as he once did "*Free Speech, Free Soil and Free Men!*" only that it should contribute to his running for some office, for which he seems to have a terrible passion—oftener to run than win.

There are, I know, some temperance men, teetotallers even, in the party. But what of it? They do nothing for the cause further than that, more than the merest sucker out. They cannot while there. It would jostle the main prop of the party. * * * I am bound to say, sir, that not a democrat in the State is advocating the cause, and for the same reason. * * * I had, this morning, a conversation with a teetotaller—my neighbor E—— F——, a most intense copperhead. Cannot act for the temperance cause, gentlemen, and at the same time train in the law-defying—both moral and legal—disloyal, copperhead ranks, who love party more than country—blinded and deafened by still-slop democracy to sighs and anguish of mothers worse than widows, “sitting in the region and shadow of death,” and children worse than orphans. To appreciate the depth of this man’s party delirium,—quite rational in everything else—and as a specimen of copperheadism generally, read this: “Yes,” said he, “intemperance is a very great evil, but there is one greater, and that is ‘*Abolitionism!*’” Oh, how they hug the sum of all villainies!

C. R.

LETTER TO GOVERNOR HUNT.

Oct. 15, 1863.

[From the State League.]

SIR: I have just read your recent famous, or infamous speech, reported in a copperhead journal of Lockport, and your subjoined long, wordy petition to the President to preserve slavery, the pet copperhead villainy, under the plea of a constitutional institution—a petition “*to revoke his abolition proclamation*”—offered service—a catspaw for southern slaveholding traitors—both sea and land *pirates*—doing their dirty work—more dirt-eating, now wet with the blood of unnumbered victims sacrificed on the altar of slavery—a prayer of a northerner to spare the bloody monster, while *they* are fighting for the same object.

I think the Constitution will be worn threadbare soon, and in the connection and for the purpose it is pronounced so often by the copperhead rum party into which you have finally drifted, will be loathed by all true men. Governor Sey-

mour repeated it forty times in his last annual message, and you have beat him in this speech, when "institution" would have signified the most you both mean by it, and your followers.

You are not party blind enough yet not to perceive that like causes produce like results, and that a peace patched up on the old mixed systems of democracy and aristocracy—of free and slave labor—would be illusory and transient; the two being radically antagonistic, can never work together in harmony more—did never, nor will, and between which there can be no peace. I say, in order to escape this inevitable conclusion, you deny that slavery is the curse of the rebellion. I have to say that any person that wants to make a fool of himself, couldn't do it better than by making such a denial. Would this rebellion ever have arisen, had there been no slavery? Just answer that, Mr. Hunt, and see where it will lead you.

In conclusion, let me direct your attention to the fate of the tories of the Revolution, fighting against the constituted authorities that were struggling to form the Government, and of the Hartford Conventionists of 1812, prosecuting a like unholy work after the Government was established, opposing it in times of public peril—the Arnolds, Hulls, and their traitorous crew—what was their fate? I leave you to answer, prepare and await a similar doom.

UNIVERSALITY OF INTEMPERANCE.

Dec. 25, 1863.

[From the State League.]

MR. EDITOR: Perhaps the readers of your excellent *League* may conclude, unless I am heard from occasionally, that I am becoming discouraged in or indifferent to the great and noble cause of temperance. Not so! Knowing, as I do, that intemperance is the greatest evil that afflicts the race, I shall never cease, both by precept and example, to do what I can to counteract it while life shall last!

Not like slavery, confined to a corner, drunkenness pervades the globe; it is here, there and everywhere; in old

countries and new countries, old states and new states, old and young societies, old and young men; the women, thank heaven, are mostly clear of the pernicious habits, both of liquor and tobacco, and if they would but set themselves about it with a will, could soon rid the world of them.

We are sojourning again at the West, (Columbus, Wis.,) a few months. We see drunkenness everywhere. As I was passing, the other Sabbath evening, two sons of Erin lay together stretched across the sidewalk, like two copper-heads, *dead drunk*!—good subjects for our Holley laboratory, thought I. We are told that this State has a similar excise law to that of New York, but nobody to enforce it.

GOVERNOR SEYMOUR'S MESSAGE.

Feb. 20, 1864.

[From the State League.]

On our return trip from Wisconsin I first saw Governor Seymour's last Annual Message to the New York Legislature in the *Batavia Spirit of the Times*, at Battle Creek, Mich., where we were stopping a few weeks, about the 20th of January. A gentleman of that place, perusing it, when he came to the sentence announcing that "the Inebriate Asylum at Binghamton would be in running order some time in January," exclaimed, "Well, there! you have the Banner State—have beat the world; your drunkard factory now completed in all its parts, legislative, executive and judicial. What stupendous machinery! what statesmanship! Drunkards not only made by law, but now a place contrived at the public expense to stow away the finished articles, and all run by the tears of worse than widows and orphans, supported by the people's money—by the tax-payers. What a meek and patient set!"

I replied: "Bully for the Empire State—of steeples and pulpits; ought to have an anniversary set apart for the celebration of the mighty achievement."

There were other passages in that Message, had it not been so long since delivered, I would like well to have criticised, as I took the liberty to do the year before.

I would like to have called his attention to the fault of frequent repetitions of many of his points on national

affairs, as though commoners like me wouldn't understand by once stating a subject to them. But the Governor is understood. It is in substance only a rehearsal of his last year's Message : finding fault with every act of the Government at Washington, military or monetary ; setting the State Government above and against the Federal, secession-like, with no word of hearty rebuke for the rebellion or against the rebels, but by indirection justifying both.

I would like to have called the attention of all his copperhead brethren who read the Message (in this lies the great advantage between public documents and their private criticism : everybody reads the one and but very few the other,) to one important admission. He yields the point hitherto so stoutly maintained by himself and partisans, that "you can't beat the South : they'll prove too much for the North." He owns up that they are already beaten, "subdued." And, Mr. Editor, did you notice how this point is disposed of ? Why, his little finger is bigger than the loins of Abraham Lincoln ; his "peace policy" isn't worth mentioning, only to be sneered at. Hear him :

"And now, in the hour of triumph, appeals should be made to States in rebellion. The triumph won by our soldiers in the field should be followed up by a peace making policy of the statesmen in the Cabinet."

Remember, reader, this was uttered a month subsequent to the "peace making policy" and terms offered to the rebels by the President. But that was worthless—of no account. Give me the helm and something would be done worth approval. "The Union as it was" would be restored, still cemented by the blood of the slave. "Wise statesmanship can now bring the war to a close, upon the terms sacredly avowed at the outset of the contest." None of that precious article in vogue now at the head of affairs. Here probably is what is meant by "terms sacredly avowed" and announced by General McClellan on assuming the command of the Potomac Army : "Understand one thing clearly : not only will we abstain from all interference with your slaves, but we will, on the contrary, *with an iron hand, crush any attempt at nsurrection on their part.*" Pretty strong. Wonder if the General has altered his mind any in the rapid march of events since then ? The Governor, it seems, has not.

That is the policy. Put down the rebellion, but save slavery alive—don't touch that, only to protect and guard it. Too precious a jewel! You tried that policy two years, and it proved an utter failure. We have tried the present and opposite policy a year with signal success. It would be foolhardiness to return; though that would suit the Governor infinitely better—would restore one of the hobbies of the copperhead democracy—(they had two, slavery and rum, by which they prospered in power and spoils.)

Here is Governor Seymour's cut and thrust and ill-concealed hatred of President Lincoln's peace policy. Hear him :

"The one tenth who would accept the proclamation as the *price of power*, would not only govern the States made by EXECUTIVE DECREE, but they would also govern the North."

This is about as utopian as many other passages in this special official plea for slaveholding rebels. But admit that the country would drift to this condition of things at last. What then? It would only be a change of base—a shifting of the government from the slave power to the anti-slave power, and that is what the Governor most dreads, hence his doleful broodings over a lost country. The slave power, of which the Governor and his partisans form a part, always having had both the governing of the Slave States, and "also of the North."

One more point. How blind the Governor and his "friends" are. Slavery already dead, and they do not know it—can't see it. Everybody else can, North and South. Everybody else knows, too, that to restore the Union with slavery, the rebels have got to be subdued by force and arms, and we have no more than that to do to restore it without slavery. They have repeated often enough, by both word and deed, that they utterly rejected all attempts at union with the Free States; that they had staked all on separation and a Slave Empire.

Now, what nonsense to talk of bringing them back on any terms we might offer, till they are thoroughly whipped into it—are obliged to yield to superior military power; besides, the Governor admits, or rather complains, that the "Government and a majority of the people" (did he reckon the

soldiers in the field ?) are against him—blindly rushing to ruin—fastening upon their unconscious necks a “military despotism.” Poor man ! as was said by a certain personage of another, “he don’t know when he is whipped !”—or imprudent enough to betray an opinion that the people are incapable of self-government. They should be careful that no old party fossil be allowed to again insult and misrepresent them from the Gubernatorial Chair. C. ROBINSON.

THE EXCISE LAW.

[From the State League.]

FRIEND CARSON : I want to say another brief word to the readers of the *League*, and to temperance men and women generally. Now it is evident enough that we must at present take the Excise Law as it is. Even if the Legislature was inclined to amend it in the manner suggested in my last, or in any other way to make it more effectual, the close of the session is so near that new matter could not be acted upon ; so if the law as it is, is enforced at all, it must be by temperance men without pay—only the consciousness of having attempted a high and important duty. “Make brick without straw,” under the liquor-sellers’ and liquor-suckers’ lash ; so let us make the most of it.

And what I have to suggest is, that as the time approaches for license granting, that we bestir ourselves so as to induce the Commissioners, if they are not already inclined that way, to put the price of license at the highest figure allowable under the law : \$100.

Then let the licensee be made to understand clearly, that if he or she does not live strictly to its provisions, they will be switched for it. In this way, I think, we would have fewer licenses granted, and consequently less numbers of licensed drunkard, pauper and criminal-makers to watch. C. R.

THE TRUE REMEDY.

July 30, 1864.

[From the State League.]

Let me say a brief word to the readers of the *League* on the war, its progress, its cause and cure :

I claim no credit whatever for seeing from the beginning of the rebellion its true remedy, *i. e.*—Knock out the underpinning—its base foundation, and 'twould tumble of its own weight. Free the slaves, arm, train, and lead them against their rebel masters ; likewise, muster into the service of the Union, all the free colored that could be reached, whether in Canada or the States. The war was waged on their account, and consequently they should bear a large share of its dangers ;—thus save many precious lives of white mothers' sons—that they were already on the ground, knew the lay of the land better than troops from a distance, already inured to hardships and the climate, easier and cheaper mustered into the service, know obedience and subjection, could be had by a word of authoritative encouragement, without extraordinary bounties, would not run away with them if paid—have nothing to run back to but chains and death. I repeat, it required no superior wisdom to see this from the beginning, which would have removed both the motive for the war, and the power to prosecute it ; anybody could see it who could look to effect from cause on a simple proposition. Hence I did what little I could both among government officials, including the President, and the people, to bring it about.

Had the policy been adopted and vigorously prosecuted from the beginning, volunteering and drafting of white men would have ended long ago, and the rebellion too. A half million of them might now have been in the field just as well as a hundred thousand.

But now, after many bloody trials, the policy is finally adopted in full ; now let it be prosecuted to a purpose, in spite of the tory faction, Vallandigham, the Seymours, Woods, noxious Weeds and their traitorous crew, who not only oppose the raising of colored troops, but of all troops, to beat down rebellion, doing just as Jeff Davis & Co.

would have them do, who, notwithstanding their violent opposition to the cause of liberty and Union, and in defense of slavery, only prolong, not defeat the glorious consummation of the bloody struggle. Like fire against the wind, the cause goes steadily, more completely and surely on, and it is sometimes amusing to see these crazy partisans trying to stem the tide of the popular current, paddling their leaky canoe up stream—*up Salt River*—against wind and tide, while the cause of universal freedom glides majestically down and along the tide and current of events.

Why do they not look and learn, and no longer fight against the decrees of Jehovah and the will of the people? Why can they not discern the signs of the times, that the slave power, of which they are part and parcel, can never more rule the country through the enslavement of the poor negro? They are making a death-struggle to cling to this scepter, but it has departed from their grasp forever.

How surprising the march of events! Slavery abolished in the District of Columbia, prohibited in the territories, abolished in all the insurgent States by proclamation, by popular vote in West Virginia, in Maryland and Louisiana, and emancipation taking deep root among the people of Missouri, Tennessee and Kentucky, all the Free States at the last election declaring against slavery, except, perhaps, New York, a decisive vote in Congress to prohibit the sum of villainies by constitutional amendment, the late Baltimore Convention placing a plank in its platform to the same effect, and heartily indorsed by both candidates put in nomination—Lincoln and Johnson—and the odious Fugitive Slave Law repealed! Surely, the world moves! Still, the copperheads don't see it.

Last, but not least, we have a protective tariff, which the slave-power has always hitherto been able to prevent; and looking to the field, the signs are that the military power of the gigantic rebellion must soon be effectually crushed. With peace restored on a firm footing, the slave system supplanted by the general introduction of free labor, we may well hope to enter upon a new career for the fulfillment of our mission.

C. R.

THE DEMOCRATIC REVENUE.

[From the State League.]

A drinking man here, on whom I have frequently urged the claims of the temperance cause, said to me, the other day, "Why are you always so strenuous against the use of liquor and tobacco?" "Because," said I, "their use is so pernicious, hurtful, useless, destructive and ruinous. I know I have labored a long while and a great deal to check their use, especially the former; have expended considerable effort on yourself and other individuals, and to little purpose, too; and if I ever was reconciled to have you drink and puff and squirt, it is now; for most of the drinkers are Democrats, and by keeping up the habit you augment the revenue for our purposes, which you would never pay so willingly as in this way."

And I have thought considerably on the subject since, till now it comes to expression on this wise. Perhaps the war, indeed, may help check intemperance in this direction, as it is likely to uproot that other twin-devil, slavery!

Now I do not expect that a very large share of our present drinkers will quit their life-long habit, let the price of the "blue ruin" be ever so dear. But it seems to me that if these high rates can be maintained, increased rather than diminished, young men, and all those not already on the road to ruin, will not be very apt, many of them, to get into the habit of drinking, so as to fill up the future ranks of the drunkard's army. So with tobacco. C. R.

THE BALTIMORE NOMINATION.

DEAR FRIENDS: I am rather pained at the course your paper is taking in this presidential campaign. I am not a Republican in the true sense, for when they went for restriction I was for abolition; yet I have gone and still go their ticket, because they are nearer my position than any other political organization which has or has had any prospect of success, hoping they would progress up to my standpoint, which, indeed, they have partly done, *i. e.*, declared for uni-

versal emancipation, which is unmistakably indicated by the unanimous vote of the Republican members in Congress at the late session, for the prohibitory amendment of the Constitution, embodied in the Baltimore platform, and which is in accord with the views of both the Union candidates, Lincoln and Johnson. The most radical abolitionist could not ask nor expect more. Now "stick a pin there," and go in to secure that amendment, and when accomplished we obtain all we ever asked or expected. When we see a body of men that succeeded in 1860 in electing their candidates on the principle of restriction of slavery in the territories, and stood to the principle against all the mighty pressure that the slave power, North and South, could combine against them, with the certain prospect of civil war unless they did recede, and have sustained the war, when forced upon the country, with unswerving devotion, nearly to final triumph against that power, with the whole pro-slavery Democracy, North and South, and all the despotisms of Europe throwing their moral and material, if not their military weight, in the scale of the slave-power—I say when we see a party of men standing with such sublime grandeur, pressing steadily on, without a moment's pause or flinching, toward the triumphant close of the mighty conflict, I, for one, *can trust them to do the rest*, and turn in to help what little I can. And the success at the ballot-box in November, backing up the triumphs now being won in the field, *will complete the work*.

On the other hand, should the Union candidates be defeated, and succeeded by the opposition, one of two things is inevitable: either the surrender of all we have gained by fighting—the Mississippi, the forts, fortifications, territory, &c.—and a separation, or a reunion wherein the despotic sway of the slave-power will be more absolute than ever before. Hence I deem it of the utmost importance that we should let no brand of discord enter, but close up the ranks, so as to act in perfect accord with all the forces that can be mustered to prevent so terrible a catastrophe.

The New York *Tribune* has likewise stood aloof, till now it has come out energetically for the Baltimore nominations as the only hope of success. Now, would it not be better for your journal to follow suit? We should contend for principles, not men.

REPLY TO "A FRIEND."

[From the State League.]

Over this signature is published a letter in the *League*, and though written with ability, contains some things I think ought not to be written and published; therefore, another friend craves a space for a short review.

I fear this writer, as well as most Americans, especially the members of the slaveocratic party, have yet to learn the difference between Liberty and License—the proper use of the freedom of speech and of the press; and their abuse should never be tolerated, even in time of peace, much less now in this life and death struggle of the Government with armed, organized treason, North as well as South. All such licentious papers ought to be suppressed.

The pen, it is said, is more potent than the sword. Be it so, then, and while the Government is applying the latter on the enemy in front, good old clever Uncle Samuel might strike to advantage to himself a careless blow or two over the shoulder among the old tory rats, the enemy in the rear. "If soft words and tufts of grass won't do, try the virtue of metal."

It is true enough that the sublime impudence and tyranny of this whisky-drinking, slave-breeding Republic, with the precosity of its abominations, "has brought the Government to shame sooner than our holiest prophets predicted!"

Nevertheless, it seems to me that the patient's life is too valuable; notwithstanding his being thus drugged nearly to death by political and partisan quacks, he should not be disposed of with the flippancy of this writer, and left to die, without an effort worthy of a free people to remove the corroding disturbances and save the Republic, not only to wipe out our own *shame* and place it on the course of *glory* intended by its founders—not only for ours, and the benefit of our own posterity, but for that of the struggling millions of humanity everywhere, whose hope and heart when it dies will die with it!

We know that the fathers left planted in the organic structure of the government a seed that has, contrary to

their cherished hope, if not sanguine expectations, grown and expanded with the growth and expansion of the nation, till the upas tree has ripened, and is shedding its red blood fruit; but, moreover, while this bloody fruit is falling like hail around the tree of liberty—while this national devil is being cast out, never say FAIL of the national cause! while there is a single plank of the old ship afloat—while a drop of blood flows in the veins of freemen, or those who would be free, or the last dollar in the exchequer remains unexpended, never have it known to mankind that slavery was able to subvert this free, or meant to be free government, though its enemies swarm like locusts of Egypt! Slavery is man-made, and must perish! Freedom, and the love of it, spring eternal in the human soul, and can never die!

Horace, of the *Tribune*, too, though usually steadfast, seems to wane a little just now, while the storm appears to howl more fiercely, front and rear, especially in the latter, saying we can't save the Union unless the Democrats help, instead of their continuing to hinder, as they have done. Let them howl. The sham Democracy lives in the life of slavery, and will die with it, only as whisky may prolong its miserable life.

“A fire in the rear,” in perilous times, is no new thing in our country's history, and though the spoilers have done their utmost to retard, and have retarded, even sometimes, till all appeared to be lost, yet overmastering victory came at last, and the great Revolutions in America for the rights of man, on sea and land, have hitherto triumphed, and so will this, the grandest, most magnificent of them all.—

A GENTLE CRITICISM.

Aug. 18, 1864.

"The President, perhaps, meant to intimate that he could not restore" (re-consign, it ought to read,) "to slavery, negroes in the army, and otherwise freed by the Proclamation, and that *so far* slavery must be abandoned."—*Rochester Evening Express*, Aug. 16, 1864.

Rather coppery. "The Union as it was," merely—cemented still by the blood of the slave, to fester and ferment yet further the bloody issue—if thought, it ought not to be published in a professedly anti-slavery, anti-rebellion, Union, Administration journal. That is the judgment of one of your patrons.

It is recorded that once on a time Mr. Lincoln declared that we could not remain a government part free and part slave; that we must become wholly the one or the other. And now the *Express* apologises for the President for progressing with the march of events, and as opinion ripens, so that, instead of restoring the Union "by freeing no slaves, a part or all of them," he now takes the issue squarely, making the total "abandonment" of the brutal institution a condition of restoration.

Let copperheads have all this dirty work to themselves—this quack practice of trying to cure the patient with the fever in him—to suppress the rebellion without removing the cause of it. Let no Union paper or persons attempt to meddle with such nonsense.

Has the *Express* yet to learn that slavery is rebellion, and rebellion slavery,—are identical,—cannot be separated; that when one goes down both of necessity must, and until then there can be no peace? That freedom and slavery, a free labor system and a slave labor system, are eternal antagonisms? That they never did, nor can they ever live and work together in harmony; nay, more, without perpetual war? Sirs, look back and trace the history of the two systems in the attempt to work them together in this country; then answer! Don't let the *Express*, then, grow weak-kneed at the high resolve of President Lincoln to extirpate the old disturber, the source of all our great woes.

Read once again that more than elegant, that poetic ex-

pression of Governor Seward, "the irrepressible conflict of opposing and enduring forces." Do you believe it? It's true as gospel.

And again, read from the "Union Platform," heading the editorial columns of the *Express*, and which is heartily indorsed by both candidates, President and Vice-President, Lincoln and Johnson: "We are in favor, furthermore, of such an amendment of the Constitution as shall terminate, and *forever prohibit the existence of slavery within the limits or the jurisdiction of the United States!*"

It is enough for northern allies of rebels to go against the wiping clean out of the foul blot, and for retaining it in the Union, or in separation, where its existence can, by any possibility, be prolonged. The unanimous vote of their representatives in Congress against this measure, has effectually torn off the mask, and shown the hypocrites, who pretended not to sustain slavery for its sake, but for the sake of the Constitution, and left them in the defense of slavery, pure and simple. Now let them fight the battles of slavery and rebellion, while we take the naked issue and wage exterminating war to the whole trinity of villains, slavery rebellion and copperheadism, alias whisky democracy! They are all one crew!

Respectfully yours,

C. R.

LETTER TO GERRIT SMITH.

August 19, 1864.

DEAR SIR: I have read numerous speeches and other productions of yours since the war began, with great satisfaction. But there is one point on which we widely differ, and one or the other of us is radically wrong. I much admire your reply to the Wade-Davis Protest, excepting this sentence, which is the immediate occasion of this letter:

"Those abolitionists are also to be condemned who put the abolition of slavery *before* the suppression of the rebellion."

Now, if this be true logic, it upsets all my long life maxims of the great and unerring law of causes and effects. I

have always had wrong conceptions of it if you are right on this oft-repeated opinion. My theory is, that all disturbances have a cause; and in order to remove them their cause must first be removed, and that all other practice is sheer quackery. Am I right?

Now let us, for a moment, apply this rule to the case in hand. What is the cause of the rebellion? The true answer is, slavery. We both agree in that. No one is simpleton enough to deny it. Then, surely, if this hypothesis be correct, those abolitionists who strike first at the cause of the rebellion to remove it are right, and to be justified, not condemned.

Furthermore, we will agree when I say that slavery and the slave is the foundation on which the rebellion rests, and by which it is sustained and prolonged to this hour. It could not last a week without them. Nay, more; rebellion never could have been inaugurated without them. The first breakfast could not be served up without them; no provisions for the table or the camp could be furnished without them, teams driven or fortifications erected without them. So then, taking them away without placing the negro strength on our side, we would be striking out the foundation of rebellion, and of necessity it must tumble down of its own weight and weakness, like a house, or a barn, or any other structure to knock out the under-pinning; and how much more rapidly consummated if this weight were thrown into the scale for the Union!

Again, it has been hitherto, in all ages and countries, a settled maxim of war to weaken an enemy in the most vulnerable and vital point, instead of which we have been for the best of four years strewing fields with white men's garments rolled in blood, fighting them in a compact body; for the first two years strengthening that weak point, instead of taking advantage of it; not even making the attempt that John Brown did with seventeen men all told, which convulsed the whole of slavery from center to circumference; no! Now, when all their whites have left the plantations in the interior, leaving few but slaves, spread out underneath the whole of rebellion, a vast mine, a magazine, a volcano, yet we must not touch it; it would kindle a great fire in the rear; it would hurt somebody; wait

till we put down the rebellion by main strength first, letting the cause of it take care of itself. Was there ever so stupid a blunder made by any people?

So we continue to rake and scrape white men together, to send down there from the cold North, when there is a vast congregation of men already on the spot, inured to the climate, to hardships and hard fare, tough and hardy, ready and zealous to help fight their own battles to freedom and suppress the bloody rebellion where they so often got the cold shoulder from our negro-hating side of the contest.

Most respectfully and fraternally yours, for "putting down the rebellion,"
C. ROBINSON.

THE RECORD OF THE "DEMOCRACY."

[From the State League.]

MR. EDITOR: There is no craft that can long sail under false colors without detection—nor no party of men can act under a false title without exposure. The present democratic party claims the name without the principles. There is not a vestige of true democracy left with that organization. The old and true democracy signified freedom,—modern democracy means slavery—it has struck hands with it, is aiding the slaveholders' rebellion, is part and parcel of it—of the slave power of the country.

This is the first count in the indictment I am here recording against it.

2d. To overthrow the Federal Government, and establish a slave empire on its ruins, for which purpose its members have organized secret combinations all over the loyal States—professed peace men, secretly plotting treason, rebellion, war and bloodshed among their neighbors!

3d. It has converted intoxicating liquors into a political, partisan power.

4th. It has converted Catholicism in this country to its party purposes.

5th. The New York Central Railroad is run by the same political partisans, has lent itself to subserve the interests of the democratic, rule or ruin, pro-slavery party.

6th. Ninety per cent. of all the ignorant, violent shoulder-hitters, rum-sellers, rum-suckers and dead rabbits, have drifted into it, whether Catholic born, or natives, a dangerous and seditious element of which mobs are composed. These, with few exceptions, belong to the sham democratic church.

We ask, then, why judgment should not be pronounced against it? Why it should not be smashed, disbanded, and diffused into original elements, and if not cured, absorbed by the great mass of better men, very many of whom they have in that party, by whom it is sustained, and but for whom they would have been ground up and diffused long ago. But in spite of proffers and entreaties of Union men, they would have party before country; now let bullets and ballots, on the one hand, and on the other, sweep them into a political oblivion beyond the resurrecting power of the last trump! Let the memory of rebels and traitors, North and South, rot in their own infamy!

Once more. The Chicago platform is a curious medley of contradictory assertions without proof, hating the Union soldiers, yet flatter them for their votes. It is the last desperate cast of rebels declaring the war a failure, and if the people vote it so by electing the candidate placed upon it, there is the end, not only of the war, but of the Union. To talk of a Convention of States to restore the Union is childish. The Union will be already severed—we shall have committed national suicide by our own votes. We may have an armistice, a cessation of hostilities—in the nature of things we would be compelled to have them.

By electing McClellan and Pendleton, we place it on official record before the world by our vote, by which foreign countries alone judge what our will and opinion is, that we have tried the experiment every four years without success—thus own ourselves beaten. What would these nations say? What would France and England say and do? Why, they would say and do the most natural thing in the world—that which they have all along been inclined, both by interest and impulse, to say and do, and what the rebels are most anxious for: You have fought them four years, and own yourself worsted. That is long enough for a bloody devastating civil war, now hands off, let them go in peace; we want their ports open to their commerce and trade, of which

we have been deprived for these four years to our great detriment; you must therefore raise your blockade, or we will help the confederates do it, "and in the meantime recognize their government." Besides, these countries have a very large stake in "confederate bonds," and money is no mean power in any country.

No matter if we tell that huge lie by every vote that the war is a failure, even should Richmond fall before the day of voting, we would be swept irresistibly to that conclusion before the 4th of March ensuing, even three weeks after the official recall of the canvass should reach Europe, would place Uncle Samuel between an armed monarchy on the north, an armed slave despotism on the south, and an armed Mexican yearling French Empire on the south-west, and he would be done for. I leave the reader to detail the consequences in his own time and way.

But we shall shun the yawning gulf by a long and safe distance. So all hands aboard of the old ship of state, and run her entirely clear of all the breakers, while Lincoln and Johnson stand at the helm. C. R.

OUR NATIONAL DELIVERANCE.

Nov. 1864.

[From the State League.]

Bless ye the Lord, brethren, for our great National Deliverance.

In my last, October 22, in which I undertook to point out some of the calamities in store for us in case of the success of the candidates placed on the Chicago Surrender Platform: immediate ending of the war and the Union with it; a recognition of the Confederacy by foreign countries, by England and France; the Confederacy up and the Federal Government down, affecting all their mutual interests in the same direction, plunging the latter into utter and irretrievable ruin—I closed by saying we shall shun the breakers by a long and safe deliverance, placing Lincoln and Johnson at the helm, and this utterance is now a realization. Nor can we now realize the sublime magnitude of this peaceful

conquest of the ballot, both here and the world over, giving heart and strength to the struggling millions everywhere. A newspaper article can hardly contain a tithe of the thoughts that press for utterance on the mighty subject.

But, kind reader, let me sketch a very brief summary of the immediate past, and a glance at the great future of America. We have just passed through a general election with unusual quiet, though at the same time a terrible evil was on our hands, and from whatever causes this quiet, it must have a very salutary influence in favor of an elective government.

It is claimed that the thorough enforcement of the prohibitory clause of the liquor law relative to elections in the cities and large towns, (the rural districts are a "law to themselves") contributed much towards this quiet, which is doubtless true. There is, in my mind, another important reason. The fortunate and timely discovery and exposure by the government of that wide-spread, secret, armed conspiracy and treason, and the nearly simultaneous disclosures of the gigantic swindle attempted on the soldiers' vote, put the copperhead democracy on its good behavior, for from that quarter usually came all violence and riot; this element, doubtless, was kept more peaceable for the reason that less liquor was to be had, and the leaders and more respectable, better behaved, to counteract the damning disgrace likely to attach to the party by the revelations of villainy, were better behaved.

The discovery of the wholesale counterfeit of the soldiers' vote cast a wide spread gloom and doubt over the loyal masses relative to the result in the State, revealing at once the cause of the confidential air suddenly assumed by the Seymourites.

But the result shows two things. 1st. They did not quite succeed in their hellish designs. 2nd. That though they did not succeed, yet they must have smuggled in a large number of the "Marrow-fat" votes, else how is it to be accounted for, that the State last year gave 36,000 Union majority, and this year gave not more than 6,000, while nearly all the changes, which were not a few, were from their side to ours?

But let us rejoice with exceeding great joy that the Em-

pire State is saved from another two years of misrule by that arch demagogue and traitor, Horatio Seymour, the most dangerous public man in America, Jefferson Davis not excepted. The one is open in his treason, the other crafty and covert—a pious knave in politics.

Vallandigham stands in the same relation to him, that Blennerhassett, another traitorous son of Ohio, did to Aaron Burr, a good stool-pigeon.

It is high time the party was dissolved and dispersed. It has become exceedingly dangerous to civil and religious liberty.

The southern branch inaugurated civil war in the interest of slavery, and which they still prosecute with a fiendish brutality unknown to the most barbarous savages. The northern branch was already joined to the southern, nor did it break therefrom, but stood consenting, preferring party to country.

It has drawn, or they have gravitated to it, or both, all the Irish Catholics in a body, a numerous and powerful religious sect, with a priesthood holding supreme sway over its members, transplanted here from beyond seas, led by native born democratic partisan schemers, have converted intoxicating liquors into a mighty party power to carry elections.

Nearly all the base birds of our own and all countries, who congregate in New York and other cities, dissipated, vicious and violent, are found there. The gigantic swindle on the soldiers' vote by Seymour's agents, and the illegal and fraudulent voting in these cities, including the Catholic Irish vote, which is said and believed never to have been so unanimous, nearly lost the State to freedom and progress.

By raising the bloody hand to strike for slavery, the conspirators unwittingly aimed a sure and fatal blow at the institution they sought to perpetuate. The northern wing, linked to the slave, Calhoun, state rights, secession war, must and will go down with it.

Thus, in the good providence of God, the blow aimed at the government has recoiled upon slavery and the slaveocrats, North and South, and we have the consolation of seeing the whole gigantic conspiracy, its actors, in compensation for our great sacrifices in both blood and treasure, doomed, dead, damned, and buried in one common grave!

our present sacrifices infinite gain hereafter in consequence. As their factious partisan opposition to their own government hitherto, and sympathy with the rebellion, has not proved a very paying investment, only to prolong the war, it is hoped, if they cannot now help, that they will at least stop the opposition, while the armed rebellion be subdued in the only way it can be, by martial power.

I have space for but a word on the brighter side of our future. We have placed in the second office in the Republic, in my humble opinion, a right man in the right place—the fittest in all America. Already he is claimed by the four million bondmen just emerging from their prison-house of slavery as their “Moses.”

For one, I would confide the whole immense subject to the Vice President elect, to dispose of the colored race among us in his own time and way. He knows their condition and wants, and has a heart and will to do them perfect justice. As to the further suppression of armed rebellion, I would trust the department having it in hand: the gallant army and navy and their commanders, Grant, Sherman, Sheridan, Farragut, Porter, etc., and slavery, the cause of the rebellion, to the President and Congress, to sweep it from the land by constitutional amendment.

In conclusion, I would say of the temperance cause, to which we can now—since slavery, the chief of all villainies, is on its last legs—pay our undivided attention: First, ministers of the gospel have done efficient service in the cause of union and freedom; now let them keep straight on to help suppress this other great evil, intemperance. The churches, being already organized bodies, let their influence be brought unitedly against it. It is a part of a Christian's work. Secondly, let outsiders, individuals and societies, slack not in their efforts. I am for prohibition. If to prohibit the use of strong drink on election days for a quarter of a mile around the polls has such beneficial effects, what might be expected from a law, as well enforced as was that clause, prohibiting its sale everywhere, at all times?

C. R.

THE ELECTIVE FRANCHISE FOR WOMEN.

[From the State League.]

MR. EDITOR: While you are publishing some former numbers from slavery, I will make a brand-new proposition for your readers and contributors to think of, talk and write about; and that is no less a revolutionary proposition than for *women to vote*! Native-born women, taxpayers, especially; yes, and all others.

The first, foremost, and the great all-absorbing anxiety and inquiry of parents for their sons, when they arrive at suitable age, and begin to enter company, is, Do they, while absent, *drink*? Do they associate with company that drink? These young men they go with: do they drink? Do they resort to and frequent the rum-saloons and there drink? These breathing-holes of hell, scattered up and down all over the land, especially in cities and villages, so thick that it requires a good navigator to shun them—do they drop in there and drink?

This is the all-absorbing question, especially with mothers and sisters of the young men of the land: Do they drink? These mothers and sisters have the greatest stake in the matter, for they are the greatest sufferers from this drinking which leads to drunkenness. Then extend to them the elective franchise, the right to vote, so that they can better protect themselves from the scourge of intemperance, which is mostly confined to the male population; and mark me, they would vote to the wiping clean out of this mighty evil; your rum-sellers and rum-suckers be choked off; your whisky and beer-holes plugged up; your rum-Judges, excise commissioners, your freeholders that petition for licenses, your sheriffs, constables and policemen brushed off the track. Your drunken legislators—your Senators no longer run staggering into the Senate Chamber, enacting laws, legalizing drunkard making, themselves under them, but sent reeling to their own “hole in the ground to draw the hole in after them.”

And why not allow women to vote? Who answers? Every native-born girl of ten summers is better qualified to exercise the right than three-fourths of the foreign-born cast

upon us, who, in about that proportion, can neither read nor write—have to make their mark!—and in about the same proportion both men and women sell liquor, drink, get drunk, violate the liquor laws with impunity, hate the negro, and vote for rum, ruin and slavery.

The distinguished inventists, Watt and Stevens, could not navigate the steamboat smoothly with only one paddle-wheel; Fulton saw the defect, applied the second wheel, so as to have one on each side, and she balanced, turned, and rode on the water majestically! We have always been trying to paddle our ship of state with one wheel, and it proves an up-hill business. Now apply the other wheel—the female, the dual force. You will sooner or later have to do it, to make your governmental machinery run smoothly.

C. R.

THE SLAVE POWER AND RUM POWER!

[From the State League.]

The first, Haman-like, hangs dangling on its own gallows, and the latter, an inconceivably more ruinous and widespread of the two evils, ought to be on the funeral pile, and will be after a few more million of human sacrifices upon its bloody altar. Men, willing victims, involving themselves and families—wives and mothers, worse than widows! Children, worse than orphans! entailing wretchedness, poverty and crime! American slavery, which is now as good as dead, sacrificed by its own hands, had some redeeming qualities. Slaves were producers, and added something to the common stock for the sustenance of mankind. Liquor-dealers, what benefit is there in liquors, in your business, to the world? Let him answer who can! There is not a single redeeming trait, not a fraction of offset to their incalculable waste, both in life, money and morals, and before an awakened and corrected public sentiment and appetite, this stupendous evil must, and will likewise go down! The people, the tax-payers, will not much longer quietly stand the brazen impudence of the drunkard-maker, from manufacturer to trafficker, like the slave-breeder and dealer (sign, the auction-

block), hanging out his shingle on every corner and "hole in the ground!" to decoy our young men and boys into the "snare of the fowler." The rumbling and muttering is already heard—the ground-swells are already beginning to be felt, which will cause an upheaval equal to that produced by the first hostile shot on Fort Sumter.

Not unlike the slaveholders of former years, the liquor dealers and liquor leagues have been lengthening the cords and strengthening the stakes, to push their hellish system into all new territory and "carry their slaves with them!" to strengthen and perpetuate the enslavement of the people, until, like the former, the business is ripening for destruction. And this is the other American twin devil, whose burdens are next to be wrenched from the necks of the people, of both the enslaved and the free—the drinkers and the abstainers.

The rebellion strikes a back-handed blow at the pockets of the tipplers and spitters, in the shape of revenue taxes on the blue ruin and filthy weed, which may deter the new beginners, they tasting so strong of money.

Let, then, every true man and woman rally to the rescue, in the church and out of it. It is a good time to be a temperance man; it pays. Let all heads of families consider this fact, and act upon it among their children. Keep it before the people, that temperance always paid a hundred fold in many ways, but pays now better than ever before, when whisky is \$3 a gallon or twenty cents a drink, and tobacco a dollar a pound and rising.

Keep them rising till none but the stupidest, blindest and most inveterate suckers and puffers will touch them. Push forward the revolution for a "constitutional amendment" of prohibition, as has been already proposed in the Legislature of New York, instead of giving *license to make drunkards by law!*

C. R.

LETTER TO HON. HORACE GREELEY.

April 17, 1865.

DEAR SIR : What say you now about leniency to arch traitors ? Right on the heel of the unheard-of clemency in the case of the capture of Lee's army extended to its chiefs, the President and Secretary of State are assassinated ! the former the best friend the insurgents had. Were these desperadoes, though immediate actors in the bloody drama, the instigators of it, the principals in it ? Who believes it ? Or rather, who does not believe that they were employed instruments to do the murderous work ; hired assassins set on by slaveholding rebels, or their sympathizers, or both, finding themselves thoroughly whipped in the field, then attempt to throw the country into a state of anarchy by striking down at once its head, heart and limbs, and to gratify a hell-born revenge as well. Who believes that it is but the crowning crime of the slave power in its dying, dissolving struggle ? No sane man can believe less than this. All know, nor can we forget that all the pro-slavery mobs that have afflicted the country for these score or two of years, the murder of Lovejoy, the war in Kansas, were prosecuted, not by slaveholders themselves, but instigated by them and the spirit of slavery, and executed by their tools—their instruments. (The beating of Senator Sumner is an exception.) So, too, in the great conflict just closing. Hence are you not bidding a premium for treason in the interest of slavery by proposing indiscriminate immunity to the plotters of treason ?

I tell you the spirit of these vipers is ingrained ; untamed they will sting one to death at every opportunity, the more as you let up and give them a chance. There is no living in peace and safety in the same country with them. Hence a striking example should be made of them, as a warning against future attempts at individual or national assassinations. Individual and national self-preservation demand stern dealings with them. Even their word on parole of honor is worthless, as abundant experience has hitherto taught us. They are full as likely to break faith as to keep

it. You express the belief that the freedmen, even, would object to extreme measures against their former oppressors. I would like to see an expression on this point from both classes of the poor and oppressed under slaveholding sway, both black and wite, rather than take your word for granted.

I think you are on an extreme in proposing to let them all go scot free, as I would be on the other, to propose that they should be lawful mark for every one to shoot whenever and wherever met. We want a middle ground of action, and I think Gen. B. F. Butler has indicated that ground, *i. e.*, have the military leaders, when caught and convicted, hung or shot! disfranchise the civilians, and send the common soldiers home about their business, and have them stay there. Yet I would give a large margin for the leaders to run away and stay away—hustle out instead of hanging. Let them scatter; the more the better for this country, at least, if not the world at large; diffusion is the less mischievous policy. I don't know as I would set the dogs after them, as they were wont to do in their days of power by their victims, not confined to their own bondmen, either, but including Union soldiers escaping from starvation in their prison-hells, though this would seem retributive justice—turn around is fair play.

Time would soon relieve the countries to which they might flee, of their presence, by death in one form or another, and the world cleared of them in the natural order of things, would be left for the introduction, in their stead, of a better, more peaceable, more industrious in the arts of peace, and a less dangerous race of men! C. R.

WHO SHOULD EXERCISE THE RIGHT OF SUFFRAGE?

June 15, 1865.

[From the State League.]

MR. EDITOR: This question, perhaps, was never of more importance than now, in the history of the American Union, especially on account of the sudden and marvelous transi-

tion of four million native born people from chattelhood to citizens; and it is a right, if not a duty, for every one to express an honest opinion on the subject. For this reason, the undersigned takes the liberty to express a few thoughts on it.

First of all, then, I would expunge that odious, because invidious word, white, from every Constitution, Statute, and Law, in the United States and every State in it, bearing on the subject of citizenship and franchise, and thus bring our practice a little nearer in conformity with the profession that "all men are created equal."

This done, I would proceed to discriminate who should vote and who should not, making propositions and drawing conclusions from statements found in the *New York Tribune* of June 3, from Neal Dow, on the Maine Law—who are its chief violators?—and from the *Syracuse Journal*, in advocacy of negro suffrage, both contained in the *League* of same date, June 3.

Says the *Tribune*, in claiming suffrage for the freedmen: "We would not concede the right of suffrage to illiterate, drunken vagabonds, black or white."

In our great haste for "universal suffrage," we have already done that, most eminently, to white folks. We have embraced all the world besides the United States, good, bad, and indifferent, and how now are we to get out of the trap we have set and got caught in ourselves? With very little time, expense and trouble, the ignorant, idle, drunken vagabonds of all Europe can approach our ballot-boxes and vote. This wide extension of suffrage was doubtless a great error in our immediate forefathers, who made it, and would now acknowledge it, could they speak to us on the subject. My own father, at least, who was a Jeffersonian Democrat, and quite active in advocacy of this extension, said to me, before his death, that it was a very grave and dangerous mistake in so wide extension. There is no right-minded American now living who does not see and deplore it; and if the past is beyond remedy, let us be more careful for the future.

The reader now asks, Who then, sir, in your opinion, should vote? I answer:

First, All native-born citizens arriving at the age of

twenty-one years, without distinction of color, race, or sex, subject to the following-named restrictions, viz.: In the State of New York, where schools are so common and cheap, there is no excuse for any adult person not knowing how to read and write. So, in this State, that should be a law. So, probably, in all the Free States. School advantages having been so limited in the late Slave States, among the masses, white and black, it would alter the question there, for the present at least.

Secondly, No person convicted of any crime whatever should vote.

Thirdly, No habitual drunkard or manufacturer of drunkards should vote. To this end I would make it a penal offense for one to place the cup to his neighbor's lips to make him drunken, since God has pronounced a woe against such, instead of now, giving lawful commission (license) to do, and incorporate the Maine Law into the Constitution of the State, as has been previously proposed by one member of the Legislature at least.

These safeguards respecting the native-born, applied to foreigners, would do a good deal toward remedying our past mistakes in this direction, for very many of the law violators, ignorant, unable to read and write, drunkards and drunkard makers, are from that class. Violators of the Maine law in that State, the old temperance veteran, Neal Dow, writes, "is confined almost entirely to the low Irish."

I would further "balance" the mischief that is increasing, growing out of this foreign vote, which is and has already been inflicted upon us, both in the cause of freedom and temperance, by throwing into the opposite, or native scale, a weight I have already incidentally and will again name.

Says the *Syracuse Journal*, as mentioned above, "Under these circumstances, what is the path to be pursued? Plainly, that which is marked out alike by justice and expediency. The votes of those men who are not yet friendly must be balanced by those who are firmly attached to the Union, and who know that the reconstruction of the South means the elevation of their race."

Just precisely that I would do by the foreign disloyal rebel vote just mentioned. I would counteract—"balance"

it, by admitting native-born women to vote! Exclude foreign-born, of course, the same as we should the men on the start, till they had enjoyed a longer pupillage than is now required, in the school of free institutions. This would be alike just and expedient.

But, says one, "tell us plainly, are you in favor of negro suffrage?" I am. How utterly unjust to still endure this foreign vote, that has been cast dead against the Government all through its recent life and death struggle, besides the voters embarrassing it in all other ways they could, especially the Irish Catholics, and then reject the most unitedly and devotedly loyal of any other class or portion of the common people! Never! no, never allow it!

The *Tribune* of June 10, in reply to the charge of "Negromania" made by the *Daily News*, for its continued advocacy of the immediate enfranchisement of the freedmen, further says: "Now, side by side, and intermingled with these three million beaten rebels in the South, live two million of loyal whites, and three and a half million of devotedly loyal blacks. (Not a 'secesh nigger' to be found.) Now, to enfranchise the southern blacks is to make their several States preponderately loyal. To leave them disfranchised is to leave all their political power in the hands of a caste preponderately disloyal. The issue is now imminent on one basis or the other; those States must soon be reorganized, and must elect a third of our Congress. In the name of all that is rational, what question could be 'opportune,' if this of negro suffrage is not? And when could this be 'opportune,' if not at this moment?"

The *Tribune* further urges, in this article, the necessity, in order to save the governments of the rebellious States from falling into the hands of not converted, but only whipped rebels, that the blacks shall vote as a balance, with much force, as both just and expedient. That is well. In another article, repelling further attacks of the *Daily News* on the *Tribune*, and contained in the same number, June 10, the latter turns a short corner—drops the poor negroes, most of them, leaving them to the tender mercies of their former disloyal oppressors, to bestow the right of suffrage upon them at their pleasure. Hear it: "If the Southern States will provide that every black who can read intelli-

gently, who owns real estate and has paid a tax, shall be a voter, we would gladly accept this as a settlement of a vexed question, though it would probably not, for the present, enable one negro in a hundred, perhaps not one in five hundred, to vote.

What does the *Tribune* mean? Were these two clashing sentences penned by the same hand? Where is the "imminence" of the black suffrage if to save the Southern States from falling into the hands of the enemies of the Union only a fraction, if any of these black citizens, are to vote? Away, we say, with all such temporizing, vacillating, halting between two opinions, concessions, further attempts at compromising with ingrained traitors!

We have fought them and won at untold sacrifice; now let us keep an eye straight to the mark, till the work is finished—closed up—all old scores paid off. Let the blacks vote with the whites, by the same rule, under the same qualifications, if it be knowledge, or property, or both, or neither. The blacks have helped win victory by constancy, valor and bullets. Now let them help in the final settlement by ballots.

The invidious distinction between the races, hitherto, has cost us this bloody war! Now let us profit by experience, remembering that "We, the people, ordained this Government, its Constitution, to establish justice," and in the departure from this first principle, we are thus severely chastened. If there is no other constitutional, legal or proper method wherein the blacks of the South can enjoy the elective franchise equal with the whites, let Congress put its foot down immovably, and admit no members from those States till this is done, till they each and severally establish a Republican form of government not merely in name, but in fact, "drawing its just powers from consent of the governed." Meantime, let the Northern Copperhead allies and sympathizers with the aristocratic rebels of the South, who are as badly whipped as they, croak on!

C. R.

NOW'S THE TIME FOR ACTION.

[From the State League.]

Why not? Rum for a long time has had full swing in that direction. All the old parties are pickled through and through with it. The Republican party holds sway over all the Union. What is that doing against the rum power? Nothing. It can do nothing. Its elements forbid it. It was not organized for that object. It had other work in hand. Its mission it has accomplished faithfully and well. If there is anything in "Reconstruction," that seems to belong to its work—land reform, the enfranchisement of the Southern serfs, etc.,—all may be safely trusted to the hands of temperance men. You choose sober men to look after all your private affairs,—in the field, in the shop, in the counting house, in the factory. Are not such as essential in all public offices? Everybody responds, yea!

Then organize for the second "great American conflict." Bring out your best, truest, most trusty men in every town, city, and county. Put them on the course and run them. And, as is said of Marion of Revolutionary memory, if you "fight once, get beat, rise and fight again," and, as did the Fathers in their righteous struggle, you will triumph at last. Right will come uppermost in the end.

Establish and sustain, handsomely, too, a thorough-going political temperance paper in every county in the State, and ultimately in the Union, and more than one if needed. Onondaga has already one (the *League*) of this complexion.

I repeat, the old jaded parties have already done their work; the sham Democratic utterly failing in its attempt to bolster up, sustain, extend, and perpetuate human bondage, while the Republicans achieved a most signal triumph in its arrest and overthrow. Now shove them both from the political board to give place to a fresher and more vigorous organization for the accomplishment of this other great national work, that our example be more signally felt all through the nations.

C. R.

THE BALLOT-BOX THE ONLY REMEDY.

Sept., 1865.

[From the State League.]

MR. EDITOR: With my decline of life and health, my efforts, hereafter, must necessarily be few, feeble and far between in the righteous cause in which you are engaged, though my love of temperance is as fresh and ardent as ever, and will be enduring to the end.

My much esteemed friend, G—— S——, has touched all the points carefully and well in the *League* of September 8th, which is well indorsed by the *Northern Independent*.

There is no longer any profitable occupation for old-time temperance societies. It is time and money wasted trying to keep them up. So was it with former anti-slavery societies. Slavery grew apace, pushing its slimy length along, bolder and stronger, notwithstanding all their high talk, and vehement resolves placed on paper. Until a party was formed expressly to vote against slavery, then, and not till then, the war commenced in earnest, and was waged successfully against the gigantic iniquity, until the election of a Non-Extension President, and then it was these ballots drove the slave power to bullets. Nor, through all the bloody conflict from which we have just emerged with slavery dead, did the ballot cease to accompany the bullet. The re-election of Lincoln was a more staggering blow to rebellion and slavery, its base, in the South, in the North, all over the world, than any single martial victory, however brilliant.

So with that other curse and scourge of man,—that other gigantic incubus, the liquor power, which, worse than slavery, has not a single redeeming trait to offset against all its vast catalogue of hoary crimes, whereas the former had one at least, it produced something for the world's support. So, when temperance men go to the polls as did the anti-slavery men, to vote against slavery and all its allies, outsiders and insiders, with a fixed purpose to vote against this liquor power till it is voted down and extirpated root and branch;

that will be the beginning of the triumph of the cause you and we cherish and advocate, and the beginning of the end of the rum power; and until then you will wait, never to realize your anxious desire, but witness instead the arch enemy lengthening his coils and strengthening his stakes, without let or hindrance, for surer and mightier conquests!

C. R.

ONLY WAITING.

[FATHER AND MOTHER ROBINSON'S FAVORITE SONG.]

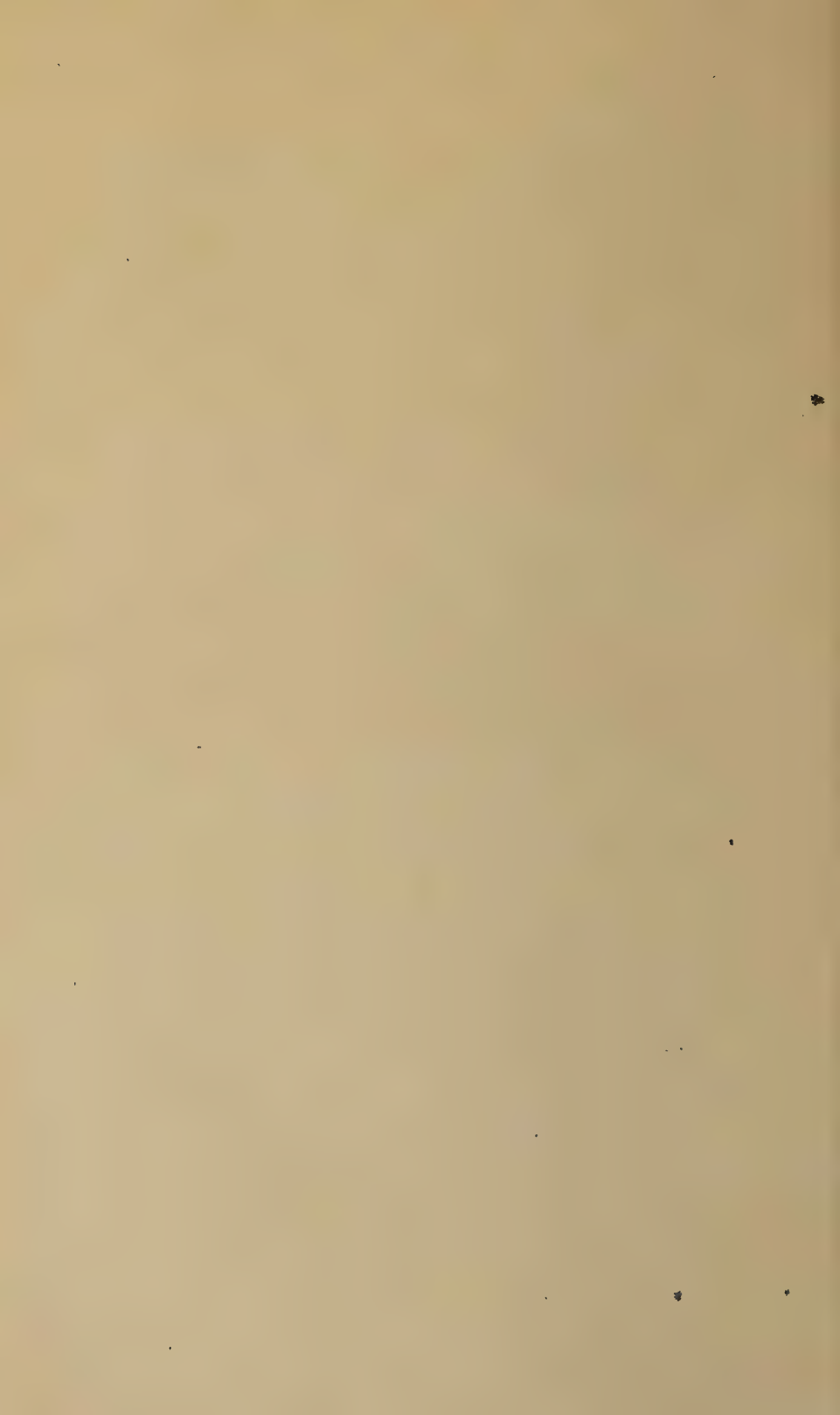
Only waiting till the shadows are a little longer grown;
 Only waiting till the glimmer of the day's last beam is flown;
 Till the night of earth is faded from the heart once full of day;
 Till the stars of heaven are breaking, through the twilight soft and gray.

Only waiting till the reapers have the last sheaf gathered home;
 For the summer-time is faded, and the autumn winds have come.
 Quickly! Reapers, gather quickly the last hours of my heart;
 For the bloom of life is withered, and I hasten to depart.

Only waiting till the Angels open wide the mystic gate,
 At whose portals I have lingered, weary, poor, and desolate.
 Even now I hear their footsteps, and their voices far away;
 If they call me, I am waiting,—only waiting to obey.

Only waiting till the shadows are a little longer grown;
 Only waiting till the glimmer of the day's last beam is flown;
 Then from out the gathering darkness, holy, deathless stars shall rise;
 By whose light, my soul shall gladly wing its passage to the skies.

THE END.



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